No. 183
June '76
33230

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SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE PRINCESS IN THE TOWER)

WRITER: DON EDWING

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

NUMBER 183 JUNE 1976

MAD

"A watched pot never boils . . . but, then, neither do the contents burn!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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LETTERS DEPT.

ROLLERBRAWL

Angelo Torres drew some smooth transitions from the "Rollerbrawl" arena to the Corporation headquarters and the Computer center. His James Caan attitudes are excellent, too.

Lars Carter
Fremont, Calif.

Stan Hart always dissects a screenplay like a deft surgeon . . . with the vigor of a muleskinner!

Thomas Atkins
Editor: The Film Journal
Hollins, Va.

I felt rollerskates down my spine!

Davey Stalland
Minneapolis, Minn.

Hart and Torres are good skates with a scoring punch!

Casey Hilton
Brewerton, N.Y.

Your version of "Rollerball" was a rolling success!

Bob Personett
Hometown, Ill.

THE COCKROACH TERROR

"The Cockroach," by Sergio Aragonés, made my skin crawl! So I sprayed it with RAID. Not my skin, the page.

Nora Norment
Baton Rouge, La.

NEUMAN UNIVERSITY CATALOGUE

After reading "The Alfred E. Neuman University Competitive Hard-Sell 1976 Catalogue," I'm glad I quit high school.

Lawrence J. Joffe
Long Beach, N.Y.

Please send admission applications to "Alfred E. Neuman University," together with all the prizes I've probably won for indicating my interest.

Ralph Goddard, Jr.
Cleveland, Ohio

Isn't that a photo of the "Supremes" on the cover of the "A.E.N. Catalogue"? I've heard of country club schools before, but none with renowned singing groups as Faculty Advisers.

Jim Cummings
Newton, Mass.

GETTING COLD FEET?

It has been shown that cold weather causes a decrease in the crime rate. The muggers who do venture out get frozen assets.

Calvin Lesser
Venice, Calif.

MAD'S FIRST READER SURVEY

"MAD's First . . . And Probably Last . . . Reader Survey," by Dick De Bartolo, is the put-on and fake-out of the MAD decade!

Kevin Chianta
Piscataway, N.J.

Your "Reader Survey" is designed to do what your magazine is already doing to us . . . ripping us off!

Val A. Balagot
Hacienda Heights, Calif.

I was reading your "Reader Survey" and it occurred to me that you insult your readers too much. Fortunately, I'm your *only* non-stupid reader!

John Harrison
Clinton, N.J.

My hobbies are fossil collecting and burning MAD mags. What kind of lock do I have on my door? Ineffective.

Marjorie Ann Hayes
Beaver, Wash.

Regarding your darling "Reader Survey," I keep my money in the following banks: Cookie Jar of America, Sugar Bowl National, and Mattress Guarantee & Loan. As for the lock on my door, it can be jiggled by any sturdy hairpin, if you're not afraid of attack dogs!

Toni Eden
Atascadero, Calif.

For De Bartolo's information, I keep all my money in a copy of MAD. No one would think to look there!

Lyra Halprin
Yuba City, Calif.

In your "Survey" you asked how I first heard about MAD Magazine. Through an *enemy*, of course!

Thomas Stroud
Deer Park, N.Y.

I was introduced to your magazine through the former resident of the house. He left some torn up copies in our oval room.

G. R. Ford
Washington, D.C.

Dick De Bartolo is lord of all he surveys!

Yoli Stassinopoulos
Potomac, Md.

DON MARTIN'S SMOKE SIGNALS

Martin's "In the Black Hills . . ." was much too talky!

Gail Lamar
Miami Shores, Fla.

Don Martin's smoke signals actually read: Can give you a good buy on a slightly used buffalo robe; worn only on Sundays by a little old Fort Apache schoolmarm.

Rick Stenmark
Clear Lake, S.D.

Martin doesn't know his "flif" from his "floof!"

Mary Lou Bryant
Raleigh, N.C.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO NATURE

In light of the unfortunate fact that our lovely state of Colorado is rapidly being ravaged and ruined by money-mad growth maniacs, developers, business, industry, Chambers of Commerce, environmental exploiters and polluters of all kinds, I greatly appreciate and identify with the suffering and frustration expressed in your excellent "Ecchology Department" presentations. Keep 'em coming! Perhaps they'll quicken some consciences.

Norma Rae Johnson
Pagosa Springs, Colo.

MINGO'S BICENTENNIAL YEAR COVER

For his Bicentennial Year cover, Norman Mingo altered the original Stuart painting with great charm, wit and artistic restraint.

Frank Judge
Worcester, Mass.

I remember a print of that portrait hanging in my old grammar school. It was the only friendly face in the Principal's Office.

Jim Bayone
Cedartown, Ga.

When Norman Mingo crossed a country squire with a village idiot, he got a squidiot.

Vince Kane
Edmonds, Wash.

ARAGONES PUT IN HIS PLACE

Sergio Aragonés should draw his Marginals big and on full pages and all the MAD articles should be in the margins!

Fred Holtz
Rockville Centre, N.Y.

CITY PLIGHTS ILLUMINATING

Your "HELP!" skyline is a master switch!

Joe Albanese
Utica, N.Y.

"City Plights" was a very bright idea.

Richard Freedman
Willowdale, Ont.,
Canada

"City Plights" had a Beame-ing reality to it and really Carey-ed the message home!

Vince Garofalo
Van Nuys, Calif.

Your "HELP!" threw a lot of light on the subject. Mainly, for both inhabitants and visitors, New York City has fast become Shun City.

Cindy Millman
Butler, N.J.

How did you synchronize all those cleaning ladies to "switch off" and "switch on" in the proper alignment of office windows . . .?

Rob Hamilton
San Antonio, Texas

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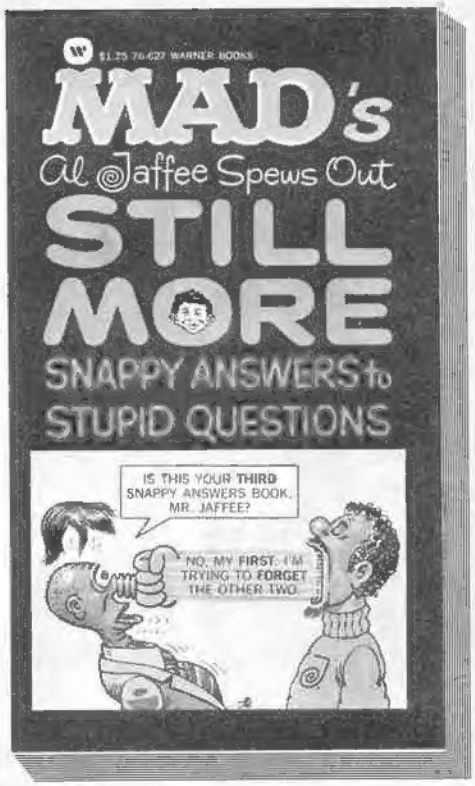

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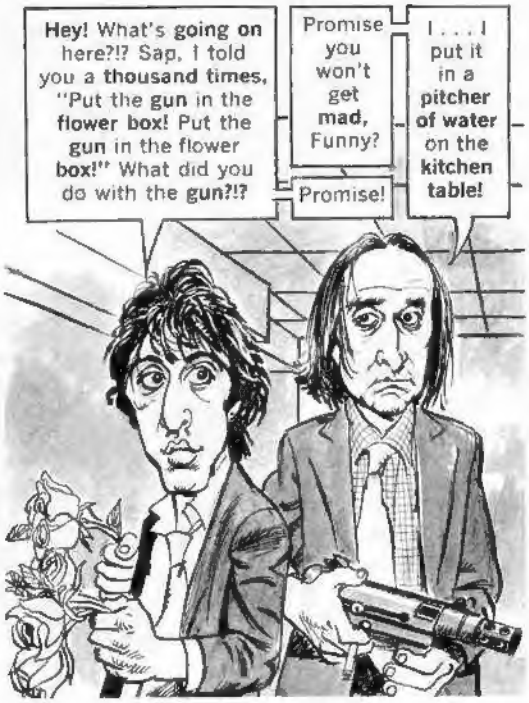
WITHDRAWAL SIMPLETONS DEPT.

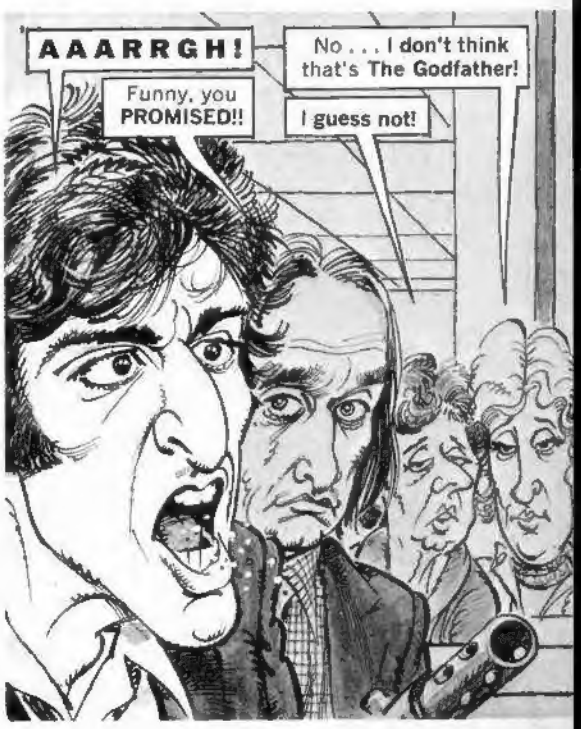
DUM-DU

For a while there, we were being treated to a rash of bank robbery films in which the criminals were clever, their plans ingenious and the execution brilliant. However, we are now threatened with a new, sickening trend in bank robbery films . . . inspired by the success of this latest farce . . . in which the criminals are IDIOTS who get themselves all loused up one hot

M AFTERNOON

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL





Boy, that partner of yours is DUMB!
Yeah! Some people never learn! What he SHOULD do is make the TEST first . . .
You know, use his regular deodorant on the left side of the camera, and his SURE on the right—
All right! We're gonna clean out the Teller's drawers first! Now, Miss, don't panic, and you won't get hurt!
Just pretend we're regular customers coming in to make a . . . ha-ha . . . big withdrawal! Get it!
Yeah! I got it . . .!
Okay, now hand over all the money!
I'm sorry! This window is now CLOSED!! I'm going out to Lunch . . .
WHAT! Are you NUTS?!
You SAID I should treat you like a regular customer!
NEXT WINDOW
Don't get smart! Sap, pick up the money! I'll look after the Bank Manager!
Well, how do you like the way we operate?
You two remind me of that famous team I just saw in a movie on television the other night . . .
Bonnie and Clyde?
No . . . Abbott and Costello!
Okay! No more foolin' around with small potatoes! You . . . empty the vault!!
It's already empty! An armored truck picked up the money an hour ago!
What rotten luck! Okay, empty the Safety Deposit Boxes!
I can't! The owners have their own special keys!
We're not licked yet! Okay, everybody empty their pockets!
Good thinking, Funny! We'll make a big haul out of this operation yet!
Some big haul! Do you guys have any idea what Bank Managers and Tellers get paid?!
ALL PURPOSE LOAF
How'd we do, Sap?
Great! We took in $18.43 in cash, 4 subway tokens, 11 trading stamps and—get this—16 Kleenex Tissues!!
KLEENEX TISSUES!?
TEN of them aren't even USED!!
Well, why didn't you say so! Okay, we're moving right along now!
RRING
Hello, Savings Bank of Brooklyn! Funny, The Bank Robber, speaking . . .
His Mother always taught him to be polite on the telephone!
Listen, and listen good, punk! There are 150 armed policemen waiting outside! We have 62 patrol cars, 13 riot squads, 91 automatic weapons and 6 helicopters in the air! Are you coming out with your hands up? Or do we gun you down like a dog? When you hear the beep, please leave your message! This has been a recording!
Gee . . . an answering machine! They must do lots of business around here!

This is **Detective Sgt. Confetti** speaking! Why don't one of you guys come out in the **street** and we'll **talk?** I can **promise** you . . . you **won't** get **hurt!**

Sap! **Look** what's **goin' ON** out there!

I don't notice anything **unusual!** To **me,** it looks like **any average hot, lazy Summer afternoon** in New York City!

BROOKLYN SAVINGS BANK

ZIP! KILL! BLAM! BLAM! CRACK! POW RAT-A-TAT-TAT VIP! PING! SPLAT

Are you **crazy?!** Didn't you see this **white hankerchief?!** You **promised** me I **wouldn't get hurt!**

Yeah . . . but I didn't say we wouldn't **shoot!** You **KNOW** what **rotten shots** New York Cops are!

You **dumb idiots!** I **KNOW** I'm a **bank robber** and you **hate my guts!** But what if I'd brought some **innocent hostages** out here with me?!

THEM . . . we would have **KILLED!!**

Okay, men! **Hold your fire!**

Now, **let's negotiate!** What do you **want** for the guaranteed **safety** of your **hostages?**

Here are my terms! In one hour, I want a **private jet** with a **piano lounge** and a **built-in suana bath** to fly us **out** of the **country!** And while we're **waiting, I want three plain McDonald quarter pounders, four burgers** with **mustard only,** and **two burgers** with **lettuce—hold the ketchup!**

Are you **crazy?!? You KNOW** I can't get you that in an **hour!**

Okay, change that to a private jet with piano lounge and built-in suana, and **nine Big Macs!**

You got yourself a **deal!**

POLICE 911

The Cop agreed to my demands, but as an act of **faith, I** give him a **hostage!** Okay, who's the **most useless one here?**

Send **ME** . . . gasp! . . . I got **asthma!**

No, **ME!** I got **diabetes!**

ME . . .! ME . . .! I got **brain** damage!

You're my **PARTNER,** Sap, **not** a **hostage!** And **stop putting yourself down!** After all, wasn't it **your** idea to **hit** this bank? And didn't you **case** the joint? And didn't you **plan** the whole . . .?

You got a **white handkerchief—** or do you want to borrow **mine?**

Can you imagine what they would **do** to that guy if he was a **BANK ROBBER?!**

That's **right,** Sap! Aren't you glad I sent out the Bank **GUARD?!**

Hah! They call themselves **Americans!** When was the **last** time you heard a crowd **cheer** like this while ten White cops beat up on a Black guy?

Last night in **Harlem—** when ten **Black guys** beat up on a **White cop!**

If you ever try to pull that stuff on **ME**, my partner in there is gonna start throwing out **bodies**, Confetti!

We **thought** he was **one** of **YOU**, Funny! I'm **sorry!** Believe me, all of us out here are **decent New Yorkers!** We're **not interested** in exploiting human suffering!

Peanuts . . . popcorn . . . programs! You can't identify the bodies of the hostages without a **program!**

Bets! Place your **bets!** I'm layin' **10 to 1** the **fat Bank Manager** gets it in the gut **first!** You want **10 to 1**, Lady?

How **cold-blooded** can you **be?!** The **fat Bank Manager** happens to be **my Husband!**

Okay! **Okay!** For **YOU**, it's **20 to 1 . . .!**

You're **ON!!**

Funny, here's the **chow** you ordered! Man, is this a **big moment** for me! Just think! **A real live bank robber** in our neighborhood! Wait'll I tell my **brothers!** They **never met** a **bank robber** before!

No kidding? Well, I'd sure like to **meet** one of your brothers some day!

Which one . . .? The **junkie**, the **kidnapper . . .** or the **murderer?!?**

This should take care of the **bill . . .**

An' here's a little **extra** for the **crowd!**

Money! Money! I want some of that **money!**

Don't touch that money, my son! It's **not yours!** It **belongs** to the **BANK!** They **invest it** in **worthwhile things . . .** like **new slums, dirty movies, bonds** to keep **New York alive . . .** *Hmmm . . .*

Money! Money! I want some of that **money!**

Sap, I just learned me a **lesson!** Never throw money to a crowd when there are **cops** around!

Cops are **too honest?!?**

No, **TOO FAST!!** They pocketed 90% of it!

Where's that **jet** they promised us, Fun? We gotta get **outta** here!

Soon, Sap! **Soon!** But first, I got a **visitor** comin'. . . .

Who's in the car!

Funny demanded to see his **Wife!**

I'm dyin' to get a **look** at the **kind** of a **Wife** a guy like **Funny** would be **married** to!

Hello, Funny darling . . .

Hi, Leo sweetie! **I missed** you . . . !

That's his **WIFE?!** I **don't believe** it! How **could** he marry **HIM?!?**

Yeah!! He's so much **TALLER** than Funny! An' he **looks JEWISH!**

Then again, **YOU'RE Jewish**— and somehow **WE'VE adjusted,** Dougie!

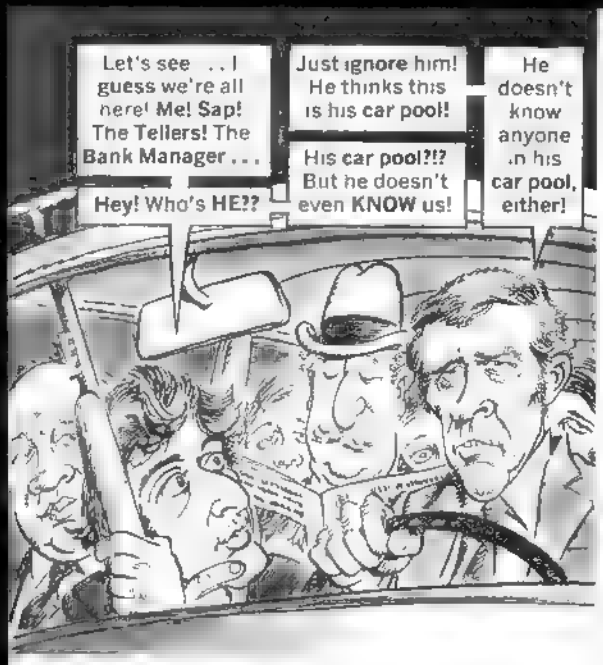
Leo! Baby! You **don't look** very good!

How do you **EXPECT** me to look?!? I'm living on **sleeping pills!** I wound up in a **hospital!** And I'm **cracking up!** I've **got** to have that **sex operation!** I've got to be **changed** into a **man!**

You mean a **woman!**

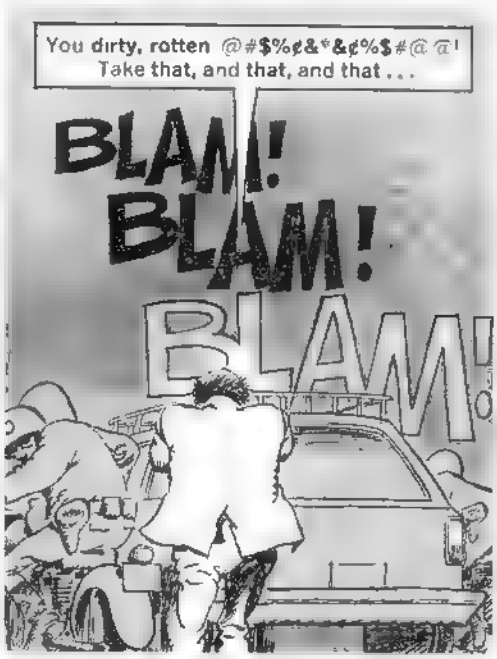
ANYTHING!!

You—you mean to tell me that Funny is a QUEER?!
Oh, God! How sick!
Look at the bright side, girls! At least we don't have to worry about being raped, now!
No, but I do!
FDIC
I don't understand! How can a macho guy like Funny be GAY?
Look! Now he's got ANOTHER visitor . . .
This is a fine way to treat your Mother! Not a word from you all day! What's the matter, you can't pick up a phone! And that's the way you rob a bank? In those clothes?! And look at that posture! Is that how a grown boy holds a gun? Lift it up! You wanna get round elbows?!?
Okay, Ma! OKAY, already! How's Dad . . . ?
I don't know WHAT to do with HIM anymore! He's getting impossible!
Last night, I had to send him to bed without any supper!
NOW I understand! NOW I understand!
I'm Agent Smelldon—FBI! The limousine is here to take you all to the airport!
It's about time! Now, let's take a vote . . . Where do you folks wanna fly to?
You mean WE decide?! How about Paris . . . ?
No . . . London!
I prefer Madrid!
Nah! The cops will pick us up in them places! We gotta head for the most uncivilized place on Earth, and live among SAVAGES!!
Forget it, Sap! We are NOT going to Los Angeles!
Okay . . . we're gonna form a tight circle, pressing up against each other like this, and we're gonna walk out!
Just tell me ONE thing! Are you gonna get FRESH?!?
You kidding, Lady? I'm a married man!
Yeah, and I happen to know who you're married to!
Er . . . how about YOU, Sap? Are you gonna get FRESH . . . ?
Of course not!
Oh, damn it!
Look at the way they're pressed up tight against each other! Isn't that weird . . . ?!?
What's so weird?! That's what happens to me every morning on the subway!
Can you imagine the sick, depraved things that must be going on in there?
Yeah . . . that's what happens to me every morning on the subway!

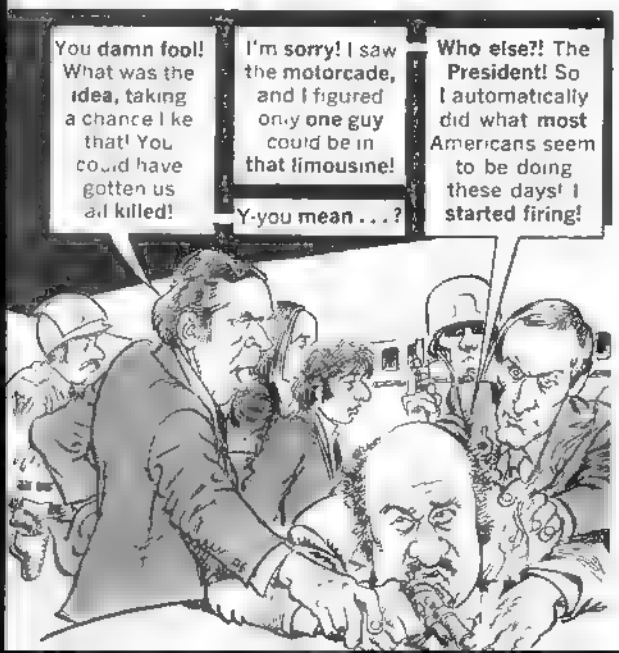

Let's see . . . I guess we're all here! Me! Sap! The Tellers! The Bank Manager . . .
Hey! Who's HE??
Just ignore him! He thinks this is his car pool!
His car pool?!? But he doesn't even KNOW us!
He doesn't know anyone in his car pool, either!

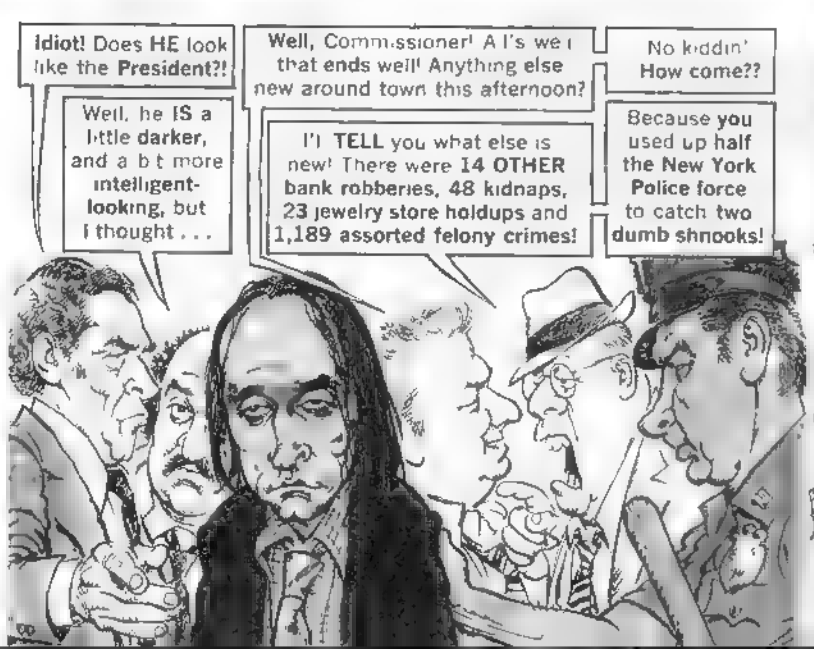
Sap . . . I think we're gonna make it!
Yeah, Funny . . . I think you're right!
POLICE
716

We're HERE, Sap! In a couple of more minutes, we'll be on our way to freedom, and nobody can stop us!


You dirty, rotten @#$%¢&*&¢%$#@@! Take that, and that, and that . . .
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

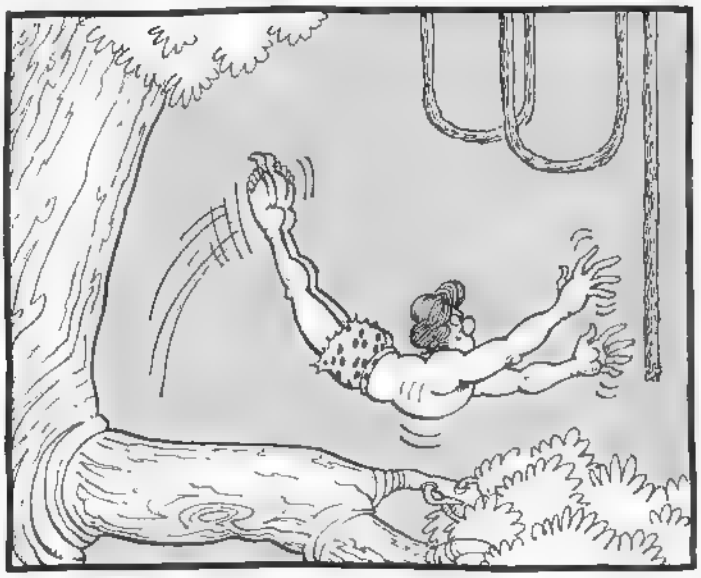
CRASH!

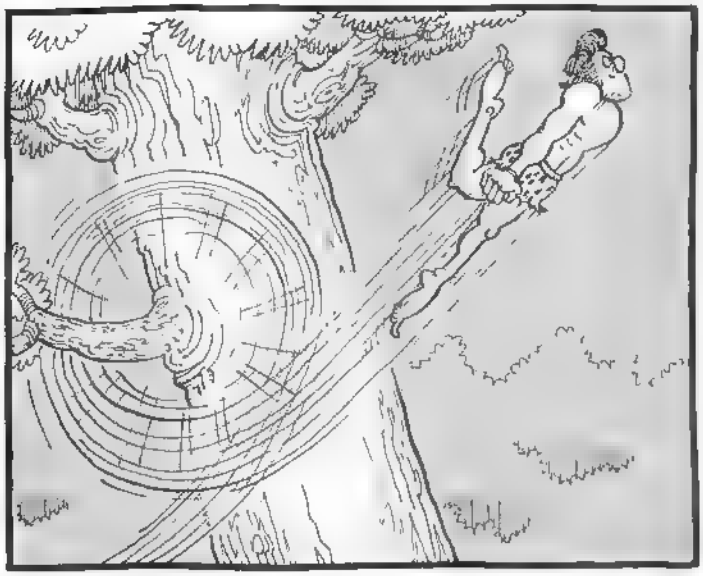

You damn fool! What was the idea, taking a chance like that! You could have gotten us all killed!
I'm sorry! I saw the motorcade, and I figured only one guy could be in that limousine!
Y-you mean . . . ?
Who else?! The President! So I automatically did what most Americans seem to be doing these days! I started firing!

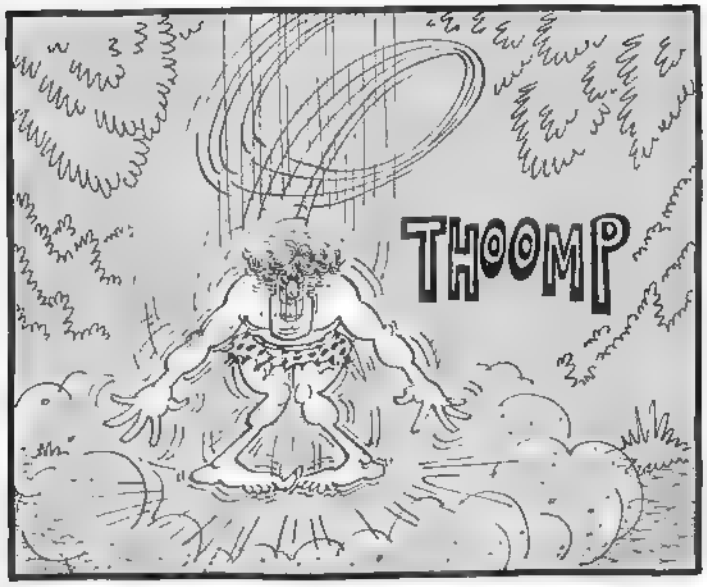

Idiot! Does HE look like the President?!
Well, he IS a little darker, and a bit more intelligent-looking, but I thought . . .
Well, Commissioner! All's well that ends well! Anything else new around town this afternoon?
I'll TELL you what else is new! There were 14 OTHER bank robberies, 48 kidnaps, 23 jewelry store holdups and 1,189 assorted felony crimes!
No kiddin' How come??
Because you used up half the New York Police force to catch two dumb shnooks!

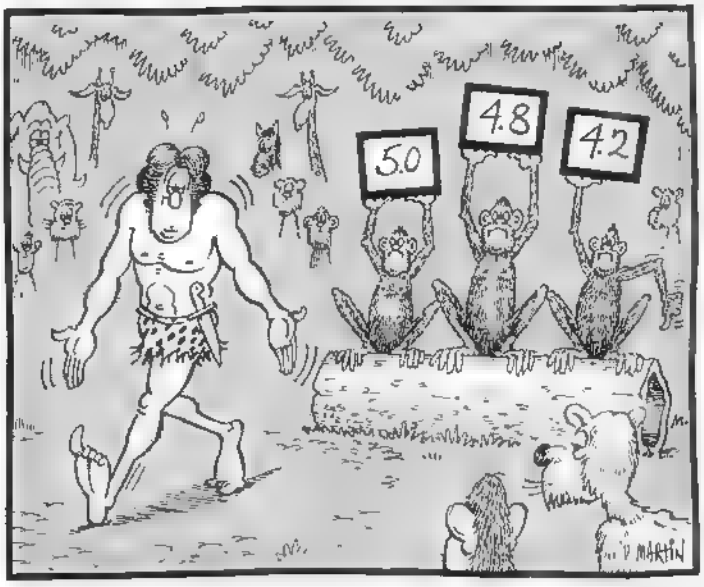
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE SUMMER DAY IN THE JUNGLE





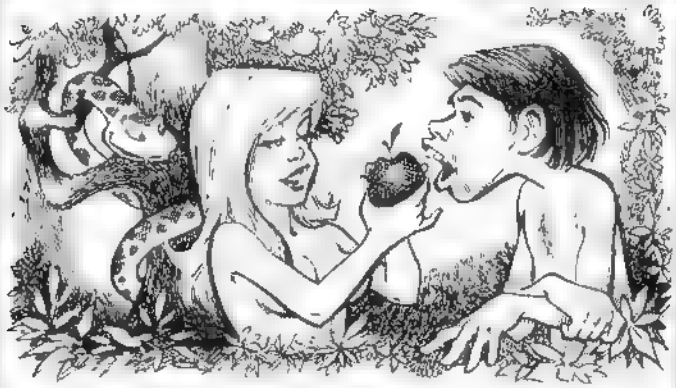


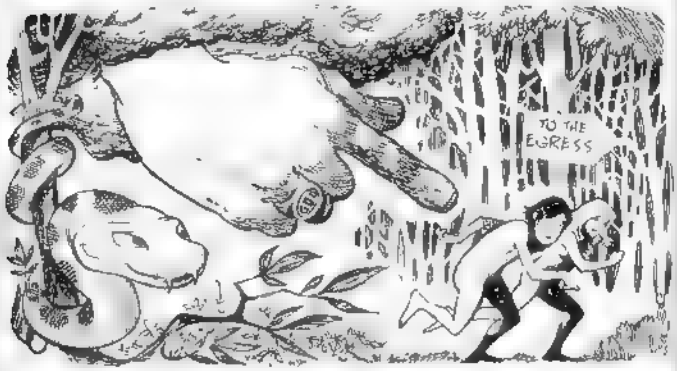


FOR WHOM THE BELCH TOLLS DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT... BURPS

ADAM AND EVE





SIR ISAAC NEWTON

ARTIST BOB CLARKE

LUCREZIA BORGIA

THROUGH HISTORY

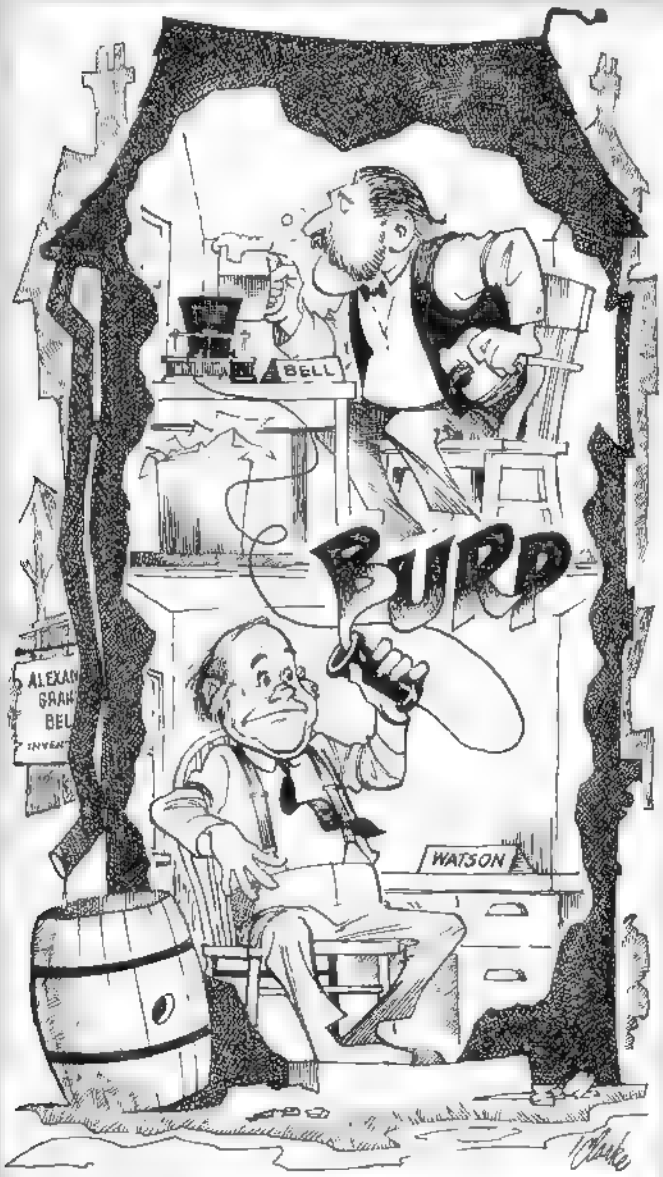
GEORGE WASHINGTON

HENRY VIII

WRITER. PAUL PETER PORGES

NAPOLEON

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL



ANCIENT POMPEII

GRINDING THEIR ACTS DEPT.

Tonight . . . live . . . from the fabulous **Men's Public Toilet,** located in the sensational basement of the spectacular **Kennedy Center For The Performing Arts,** here in beautiful downtown **Washington, D.C.,** we bring you **The First Annual Presentation Ceremonies** of . . .

MAD'S ACADEMY AWARDS FOR PUBLIC SERVANTS

Yes, folks . . . all of the **"greats"** and **"near-greats"** in **Public Service** have gathered here tonight to honor their **fellow professionals** who have given **performances** throughout the year that are **unmatched** in **Private Industry . . .**

. . . those so-called **"little people"** who actually make our country **work** . . . sometimes, **not so well** . . . and sometimes even **worse!** Yes, folks, they are the people who may not be very **good** in their assigned jobs—

—but who, by their great **ACTING ABILITY,** manage to **escape** having their uselessness **detected** until they **retire** from office at **public expense!** And now . . . **on with the show!** The **envelopes,** please

The **Runner-Up** in **The "Internal Revenue Service" Category** is Mr. **Alan Wince** for his performance before a Senate Hearing in **"We're Only Human!"**

Mr. Wince, as head of the **I.R.S.,** please explain how your Department could **overlook Mr. Nixon's** failure to pay nearly **$500,000** in taxes, and **Mr. Rockefeller's** failure to pay over **$600,000** in taxes!

I'm glad you **asked** that, Senator! You see, my Department is **extremely understaffed!** My people are working **four,** maybe **five days a week, three** maybe **four hours a day!** It's just not **humanly possible** to check out **everyone's** tax return!

You mean that **many** tax returns go **unchecked!?**

Not many! We check out returns of **everyone** making **under $15,000** a year! Those **little guys can really cheat!**

Isn't it true that you **forgot** to check Mr. Nixon's return because he **appointed** you to your **job?!?**

Gosh . . . I can't remember **WHO** appointed me! But I'll be glad to look it up, right after I check out **YOUR** return, Sir!

Er . . . maybe you'd better **forget** the **whole thing!**

WRITER: STAN HART

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

. . . and the **Winner** in **The "Internal Revenue Service" Category** is Mr **Melvin Slasher** for his outstanding rendition of **"I Am Your Friend!"**

Now, don't you be nervous about this Tax Audit! Your Government wants you to claim every deduction, and we of the I.R.S. are here to help you!

Okay . . . let's see! **Entertainment Expenses . . . Disallowed! Medical Expenses . . . Disallowed! Charity Contributions . . . Disallowed!** You owe the Government—hmm—**$1000!!**

$1000?!? But . . . I thought you said you were going to help me!

I DID! Your Government's now **$1000 richer!** And what's good for the U.S. of A. is good for **you!**

A brilliant performance! It's just **too bad** that the poor guy had to **pay** that $1000!

He could've **saved $500** by implementing **The Auditor's Forgiveness Clause!**

How does that work?

Simple! He merely deposits **$500** in my **personal Swiss Bank Account,** and I **forgive** and **forget!**

In **The "Police" Category,** the **Runner-Up** is Officer **Victor Manure** for his compelling **"It's Up To You!"**

How do you do, Ma'am? Your **local Police Force** is trying to raise money for its **Retirement Fund,** and we're going around, selling these **raffles!**

Oh, I'm afraid I'm a little short of **cash . . . !**

That's **perfectly all right!** We don't want you to feel **pressured** in any way! It's just that you get one of these **"Friends Of The Force"** car decals with every book of raffles that you **buy . . .**

But I don't **put** decals on my car!

Well, Ma'am, you'd **better have THIS one on** if you're ever stopped by a Cop in **this town!**

Oh? Yes!! I'll take **TWO . . .** one for **each car!**

How about the **kids' bikes?!** You never know when one of 'em will go through a **"Stop"** sign!!

. . . and the **Winner** in **The "Police" Category** is Officer **Roy "Guts" Gentry** for his competent and detailed crime report in **"Telling It Like It Is!"**

Officer Gentry, can you tell our viewing audience **just what happened?**

Certainly! I attempted **to apprehend the alleged** suspect when the suspect attracted my attention while I was performing my function as the **legal presiding peace officer** of the prescribed area!

As I approached, the suspect **immediately** gave me adequate rationale to remove my service revolver from its holster and discharge several missiles in order to forestall additional and untoward **danger** to the **tranquility** of the community!

Congratulations for that **competent** and **detailed delivery,** Officer Gentry . . . but—er—could you tell us what happened in a little **shorter** version!

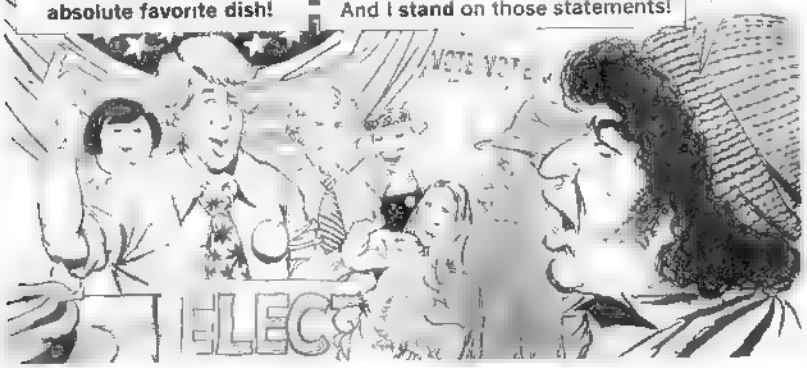
Sure! **I plugged** the @☆☾ /★# for **talking back** to me when I tried to stop him for **Jay-Walking!!**

In The "Congressman" Category, the Runner-Up is candidate Casper C. Bilge for his performance in "The Quickest Way To A Constituent's Heart!"

. . . why, some of my best friends are Italian! And their food . . . Mother Mia! I'll tell you a secret— Veal Parmigiana is my absolute favorite dish!

Yesterday, in a JEWISH neighborhood, you claimed that Chopped Liver was your favorite dish! And last week, you said it was Irish Corned Beef And Cabbage!

And I stand on those statements!



I love them all the most! In fact, if I'm elected, my Victory Dinner will consist of Chopped Liver spread on Veal Parmigiana and served on a bed of Corned Beef and Cabbage! So NOW will you vote for me?

Nahh! Who needs somebody who's gonna die in office!!

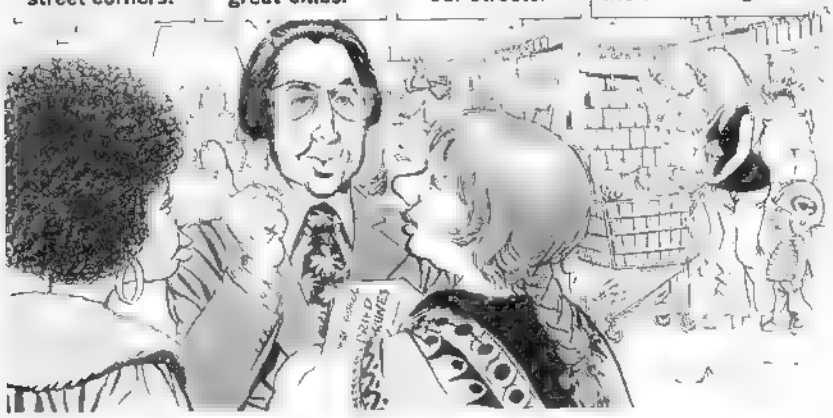
. . and the Winner is Congressman-elect Charles A. Bleadinhardt for his conscience-provoking, heart-rending "We're All In This Together!"

I'm saddened by the sight of unemployed men and women hanging around street corners!

I'm heartbroken when I see the filth and the decay that is destroying our great cities!

I am terrorized and frightened by the violence and crime that runs rampant in our streets!

I don't want to see these things any longer! They make me SICK! That's why you must send me to Washington!!



Congratulations on your inspiring performance! But tell us, what are you going to do to eliminate all these problems?

Not a thing!

But you said that seeing those things makes you sick . . . !

Right! That's why I wanted to be sent to Washington . . . where I won't have to see them! *Heh-heh!*

In The "Doctor" Category, the First Runner-Up is Dr. Hans Oudtbills for his calming performance in "Am I Concerned?"

The Second Runner-Up in The "Doctor" Category is Dr. Herb Jaffin for "Now Let's Be Grown Up!"

I TOLD you, Mr Potz, I am NOT in the least concerned about your condition!

But, Doctor! You said I have a blood clot that could go right to my brain! If that doesn't make you concerned, what would?

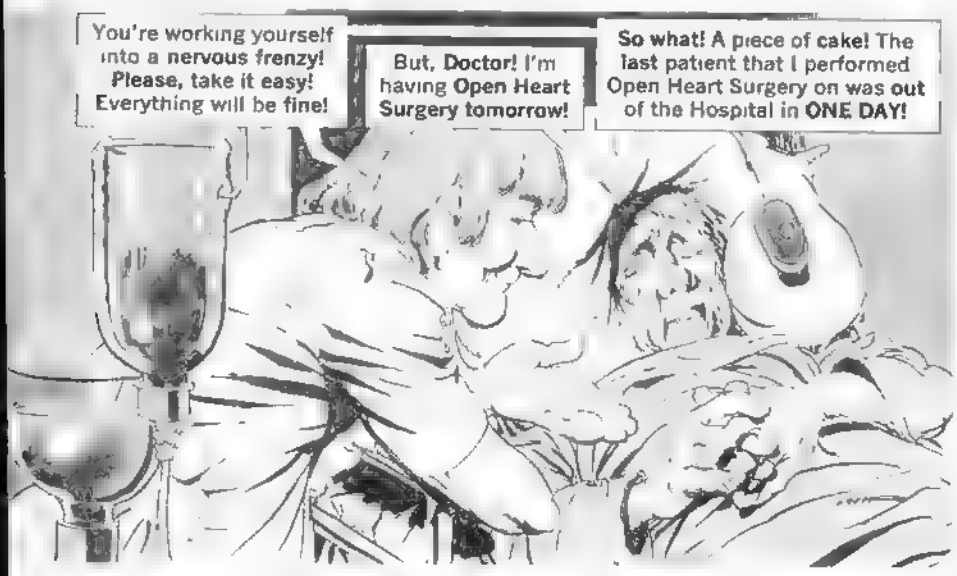
If I had it!!

Stop looking so frightened! I'm just going to give you one little injection! You won't even feel it! So just relax! I'm going to do it in the fleshy part!

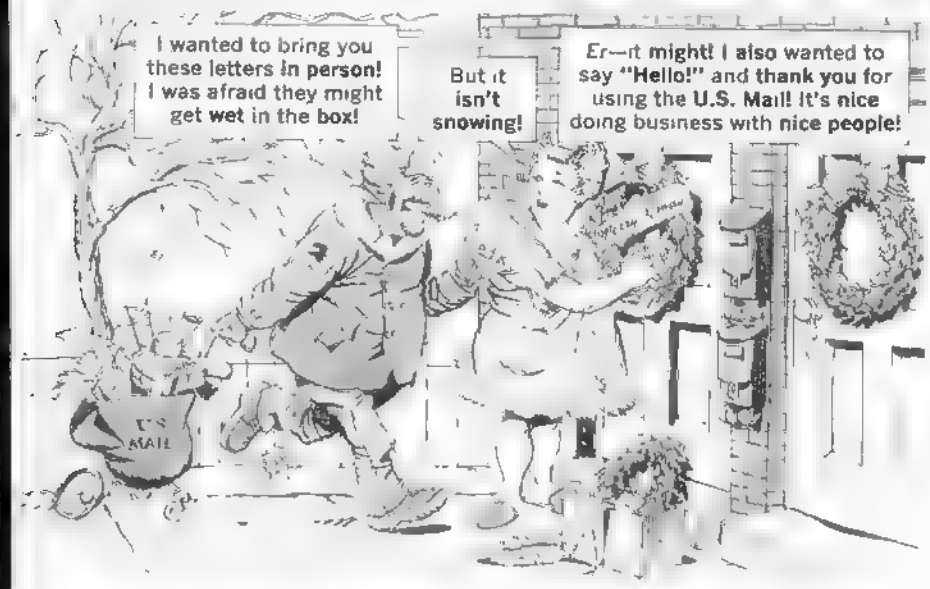
. . . in the fleshy part of WHAT?!?

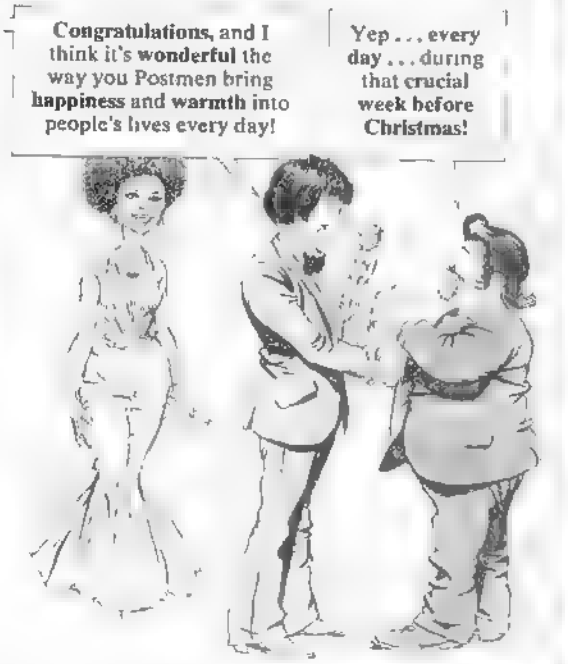
Your eyeball!

. . . and the **Winner** is Dr. **Abe Fistula** for his brilliant **"Have No Fear!"**

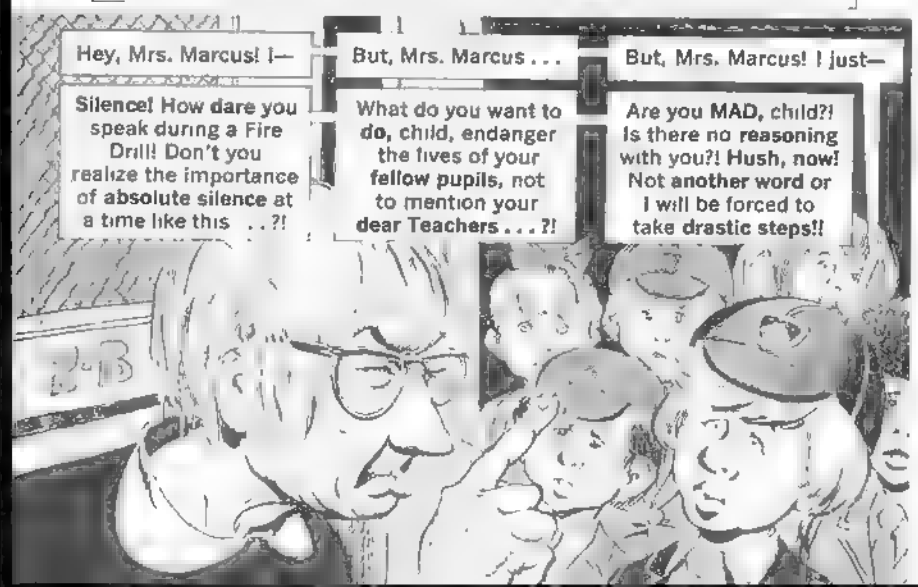


The **Winner** in **The "Post Office Employee" Category** is **Evan Lobel** for his charming, personable performance while carrying out **"Service With A Smile!"**



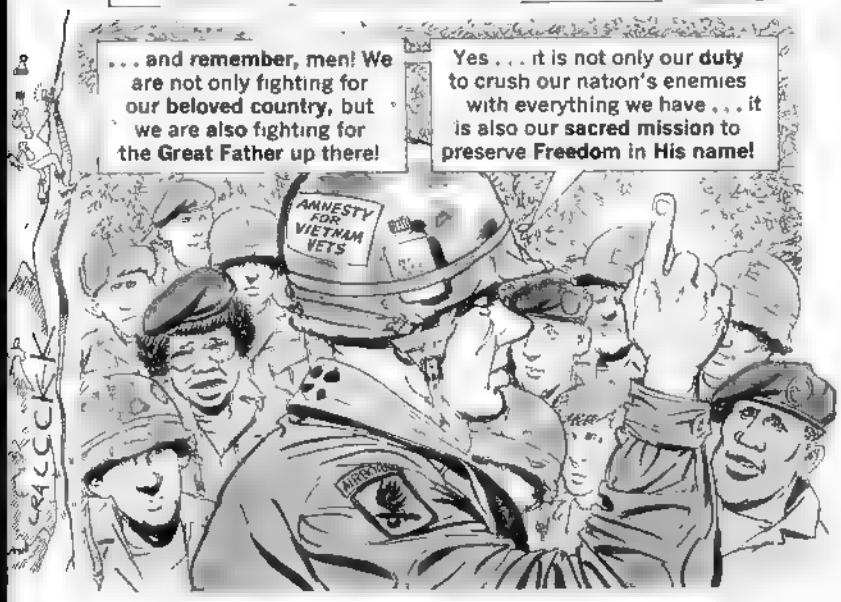


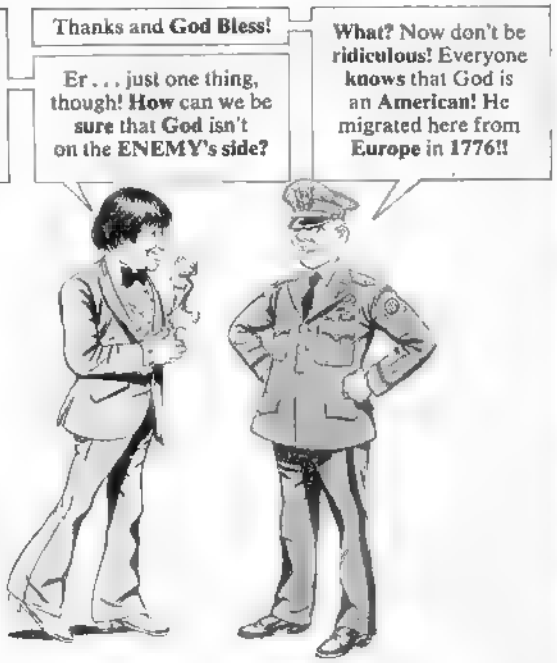
The **Winner** in **The "Teacher" Category** is Mrs **Ida Marcus** for her stern, authoritarian performance during a Fire Drill in **"To Talk Is To Die!"**



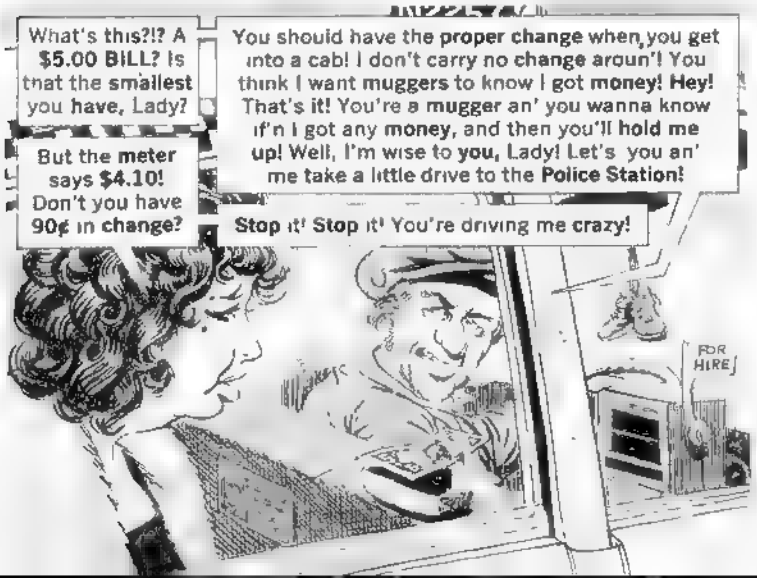
The **Winner** in **The "Nurse" Category** is R N **Elsa Kotch** for her tender, sensitive, emphatic rendition of **"Listen, I've Only Got Two Hands!"**

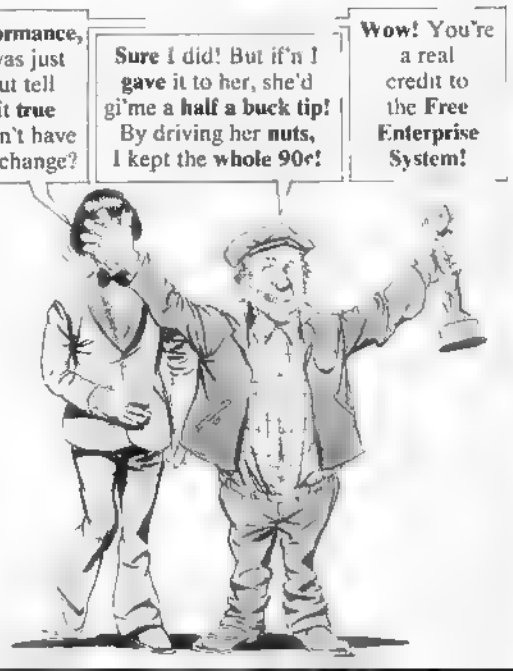
In **The "Military" Category**, the **Winner** is Chaplain **Harold Tracey** for his eloquent and moving **"We Are On God's Side!"**





In **The "Transportation" Category**, the **Winner** is **Willie Forbush** for his memorable **"Change? Change? You Expect Me To Have Change?"**





In The "Appointed Federal Officials" Category, our First Runner-Up is Mr. Charles Pew of Urban Renewal for his placating rendition of "Promises, Promises!"

This is not a fit place to live!

Thanks to The Urban Renewal Program, we are going to tear down this slum . . . and in its place will rise an apartment complex we can all be proud of!

Gee, it's so nice to know that we'll soon have a really swell apartment to live in!

If you're lucky enough to find one!

But . . . aren't we going to live here?

Sure! If you can afford a $600 a month condominium!

URBAN RENEWAL ON THIS SITE: PROUR

Second Runner-Up is recently appointed Ambassador Ruth Mestermission for her "Friend From Overseas!"

As the representative of my great nation, I want to say how happy I am to be here in your great nation! And I want to guarantee to you all that our great nation will never interfere with the legitimate aims and goals of your great nation!

In America, we respect different political and ideological views! And so, even though your form of Government is not OUR form of Government, we still admire your people!

Ya zah gret mah bucci la!

And God bless you, my child!

That's terrible! The child said, "Yankee ass, go home!!" Won't that offend the new Ambassador?

How could it? No American Ambassador has ever bothered to learn ours . . . or any OTHER foreign language!

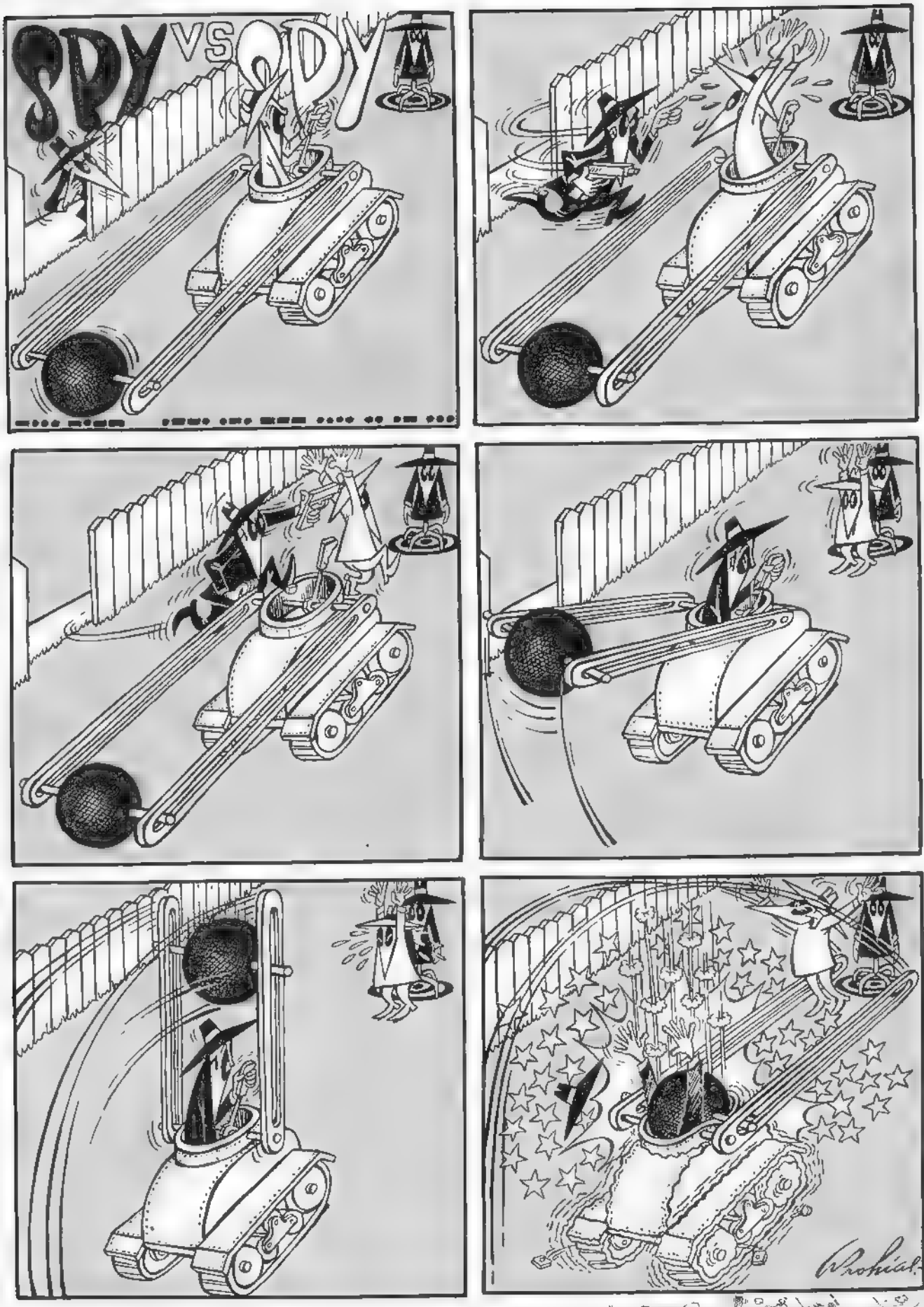
. . . and the Winner is the Government of the U.S. for its performance in "Our Red Brothers!" Accepting will be Mr. Wilson Heap of "The Bureau Of Indian Affairs". . .

We of the Government are committed to seeing that the Indian gets all that's coming to him! We dedicate ourselves to preserving the age-old traditions that are so important to the Red Man!

Very touching indeed! It's nice to know that the U.S. Government is dedicated to preserving the Indian's age-old traditions of tribal identity, freedom and access to open spaces!

Nahh! I meant the WHITE MAN'S age-old traditions of keeping the Indian poverty-stricken, powerless and without any hope!

Well, that wraps up MAD's Academy Awards For Public Servants! And if it proves nothing else, it shows that we certainly have a National Theater like in England! The only difference is: Here, we call our Theater "Civil Service" and our actors "Public Servants"! Bye . . .


SPY VS SPY

FAMILY FARE WARNING DEPT.

Lately, many television shows have been dealing with "adult" themes. And so, to avoid criticism, the TV networks are now making announcements like these before such shows:

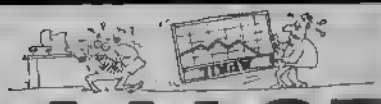
DUE TO THE MATURE NATURE OF THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM, PARENTAL GUIDANCE OF YOUNG CHILDREN IS ADVISED.

Well, that's all very commendable. But due to the nature of some of the *other* shows on television, we at MAD feel that the networks should be making these

DUE TO THE NATURE OF THE EXCESSIVE GREED AND AVARICE PORTRAYED IN THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM, PARENTAL GUIDANCE OF YOUNG CHILDREN IS ADVISED.

DUE TO SCENES DEPICTING MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN IN THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM, GUIDANCE OF YOUNG CHILDREN, OR SENSITIVE FAMILY MEMBERS OF ANY AGE IS ADVISED.

DUE TO THE PESSIMISTIC, GLOOMY AND DESPAIRING NATURE OF THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM, GUIDANCE OF ANY FAMILY MEMBER EASILY DEPRESSED IS ADVISED.



OTHER TV GUIDANCE ANNOUNCEMENTS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO PHOTO BY U.P.I.

BECAUSE THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM SHOWS ADULTS TO BE THE IDIOTS THEY REALLY ARE, PARENTAL GUIDANCE OF YOUNG CHILDREN IS ADVISED.

BECAUSE THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM DEPICTS LIFE IN A WAY TOTALLY REMOVED FROM REALITY, GUIDANCE OF IMPRESSIONABLE CHILDREN, IDEALISTIC TEENAGERS AND SENTIMENTAL ADULTS IS ADVISED.

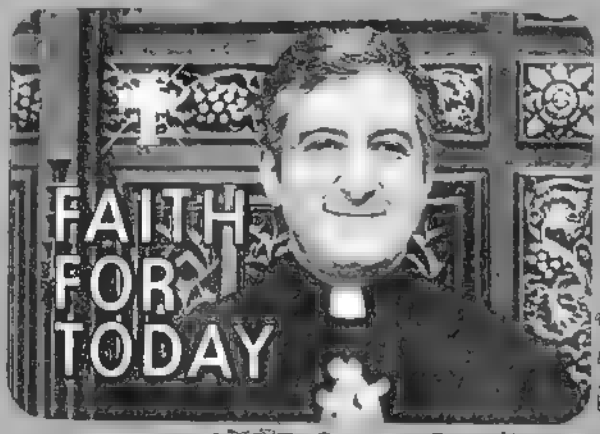
BECAUSE OF THE BANALITY OF THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM, GUIDANCE OF ANY FAMILY MEMBER WITH A SEMBLANCE OF INTELLIGENCE IS ADVISED.

BECAUSE OF THE BRUTAL AND VIOLENT NATURE OF THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM, GUIDANCE OF YOUNGER CHILDREN . . . AND OLDER HOUSEWIVES IS ADVISED.

DUE TO THE PRURIENT NATURE OF THE SEMI-FRONTAL NUDITY PORTRAYED IN THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM, GUIDANCE OF YOUNG CHILDREN (AND DIRTY OLD MEN) IS ADVISED.

BECAUSE SENSITIVE FAMILY MEMBERS MIGHT BE ADVERSELY AFFECTED BY THE CONTENT OF THE FOLLOWING COMMERCIAL, GUIDANCE IS RECOMMENDED.

SINCE THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM DOES NOT CONTAIN MATERIAL OBJECTIONABLE TO ANYONE, WE ARE ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN THAT NO ONE IS EVEN LISTENING TO THIS GUIDANCE ANNOUNCEMENT.



HUMANE BEING DEPT.

GETTING INVOLVED

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... GRO

OMING

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

What is this?! Every time I see you, you're wearing those darn curlers!

You want me to look pretty, don't you?

Sure I do! But those curlers don't make you look pretty!

They do when I take them off! And I want to look pretty when we go out with the McGillas tonight!

For ME . . . your HUSBAND you look CRUDDY!? But for a mere ACQUAINTANCE, you want to look your BEST!!?

That's right . . .

I don't HAVE to look my best for YOU any more! I'm MARRIED to you!!

Look at that!! I think girls that go BRA-LESS are disgusting!!

I kinda like it!

But they jiggle and jangle and all the fellas LOOK!!

Yeah!!

What they're saying to the world is . . .

LOOK WHAT I GOT!!

So?!? Why don't YOU say the same thing?

Because I AIN'T GOT!!

I gave you money to buy a new pair of dungarees! So why are you wearing those washed-out old ones?!?

These [redacted] them! I just bought them!

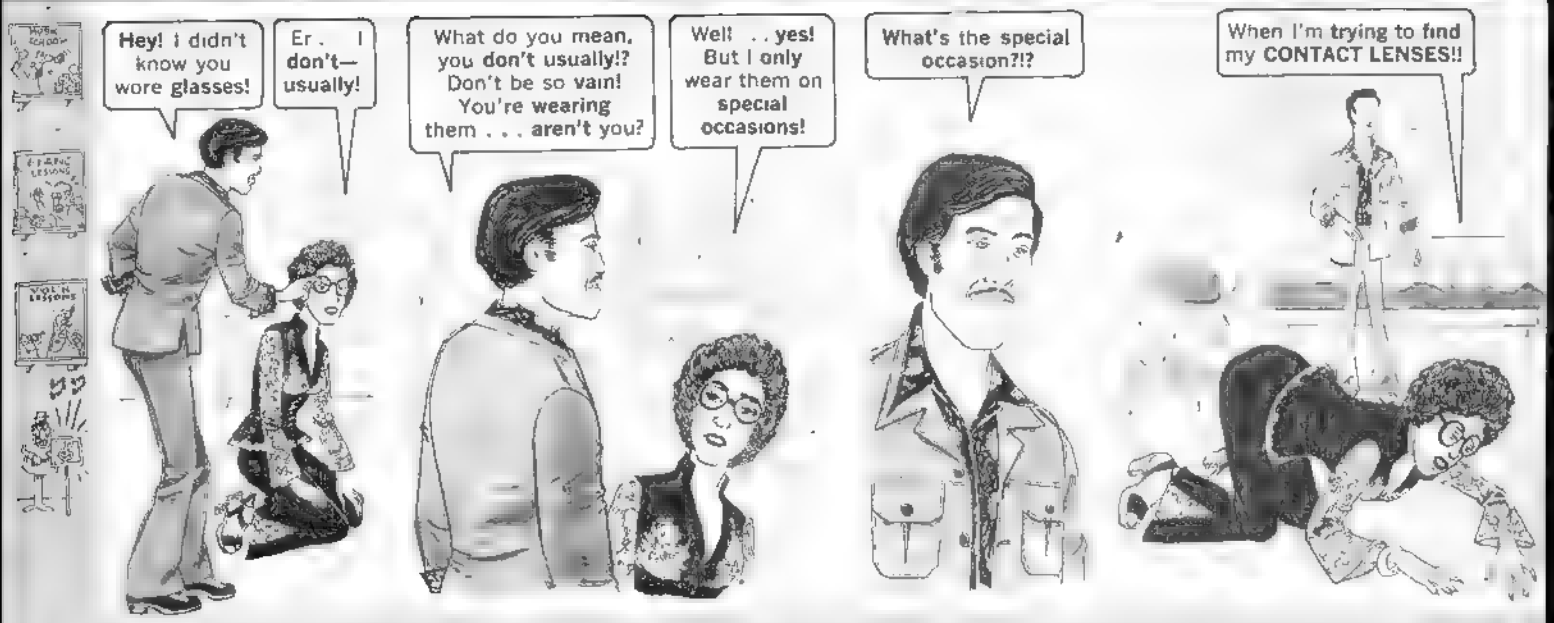
You WHAT?! Did you go to some second-hand shop?!?

Nope! The fanciest and most expensive! Dungarees come pre-washed to give them that lived-in look!

But I want you to have that well-groomed look!

Gee, why didn't you SAY so!

I would have had them sew on some PATCHES!!


Hey! I didn't know you wore glasses!
Er . . . I don't— usually!
What do you mean, you don't usually!? Don't be so vain! You're wearing them . . . aren't you?
Well . . yes! But I only wear them on special occasions!
What's the special occasion?!?
When I'm trying to find my CONTACT LENSES!!

Is that YOU, Mr. Kaputnik?! There's something different about you! Some— I KNOW!! You've grown a beard!!
Yes . . . and I've become quite attached to it!
Gee . . . it makes you look so DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING . . . so MAN-OF-THE-WORLDISH . . . so . . . so INTELLECTUAL . . .
so OLD!!
'll shave it off tomorow!

Remember back when a Barber was called a "Barber"!
Sure I do! What do they call him now?
A "Hair Stylist"!
Really? What does a Hair Stylist do?
Pretty much what a Barber used to do!
Then . what's the difference?
About NINE DOLLARS!!

My Wife's hair was always a MESS! It really bugged the hell out of me!
So I decided to do something about it! I sprung for some big money and bought her an expensive WIG!
Does she wear it all the time?
That she does!
Then your problem is SOLVED!!
Not exactly!
Now, her WIG is always a mess!!
What are you crying about?!
My baby sob is all grown up sob! Where have all the years gone to sob!
What years? Who's grown up? What are you talking about?!?
My baby . sob . SHAVED FOR THE FIRST TIME TODAY . . . sob . . . sob!!
SIX YEAR OLD ALBERT SHAVED HIS FACE?!?
No NOT six year old Albert!!
Thirteen year old Linda! Today sob . for the first time . sob . . she SHAVED HER LEGS!!
I must say, you look very well groomed! A nice clean pressed suit . . . a lovely shirt and tie . . . But your SHOES are a mess! It spoils the whole effect!
Don't worry! I'll give myself an INSTANT SHINE!
David Bero
There! Now I'm perfect!

Today, there is a growing interest in Psychic Phenomena. This includes such fascinating fields as Extra-Sensory Perception, Psychokinesis, Psychic Healing, Time Hypnosis, Plant Communication and other mind-blowing things. And so, it won't be long before some smart publisher gets the message and puts out a magazine to appeal to the people who dig this sort of thing. Something like—

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: STAN HART

PSYCHIC PHENOMENONSENSE

Goings-On...In And Out Of This World

by Omar Pinsky

DIDJA HEAR ABOUT skeptic Harold Gast? He's been toiling night and day on his forthcoming book which will disprove the existence of an Afterlife. Harold is calling his book "There Certainly Is No Life After Death!" and he's been working 20 hours a day on it with no time for anything else. Well, now Harold's wife is also writing a book, and she's calling hers "There Certainly Is No Life After Marriage!"

* * * *

BOO, HISS DEPT. Shame on Mind-Reader Rudolph Sigmathy! During his performance at the Bijou Theater last week, he asked people in the audience to send various personal objects to the stage, and claimed that he would identify the owners by simply feeling the objects. When his Assistant handed him the collection of watches, wallets, coins, bills and jewelry, and asked the great Mind-Reader to whom they belonged, Rudolph shouted, "To ME!" and ran from the theater into a waiting car. (That wasn't nice, Rudy! I hope your aura gets blown away in a stiff wind!)

* * * *

OVERSEAS HAPPENINGS: While slashing through a field of sugar cane with his machete, Sergio Macho heard what he thought was a cry of pain. And since Sergio never believed that plants had feelings, he was startled. As he looked down, he was shocked to discover where the cries were coming from. They were coming from Sergio, who had accidentally slashed his own leg with his machete. (Now you know how plants feel, eh, Sergi?)

"I STILL DON'T BELIEVE in Voodoo!" maintains die-hard explorer Timberwolf Bane, who recently granted Yours Truly an exclusive interview from the matchbox in which he now lives. (Keep talking, Tiny Timbi Heh-heh!)

* * * *

SEEN AT A SEANCE DEPT. Last week, Medium Gretta Grepps conjured up the spirit of Benedict Arnold. Seems ol' Benedict was mighty teed off after hearing about President Nixon's pardon. "How about me?" he demanded. "What am I, a piece of doo-doo?" (We won't answer that, Benny!)

* * * *

PITY POOR Ed Stone, the farmer from East Crevice, Iowa who wanted a better corn crop, so he wired up his fields and played Lawrence Welk music all day long. Seems the crop thrived, but unfortunately his neighbors heard the music all day long, too. They burned down Eb's farm! . . . Quick! Think of a card! The Ten of Spades . . . Right!? (Who says ESP doesn't work?!)

DR. SANDFORD PIZER sent along this photo to us showing his wife standing at Stonehenge, one of the great mysteries of all time. Sandford writes, "Someday we will learn the answers to the five questions about Stonehenge: WHERE did the stones come from? WHAT do they mean? HOW did they get there? WHEN did they come? And WHO brought them?" I'm sure we will, Sandy, but will we ever learn the answer to an even more important question: WHY does your wife wear such tacky clothes . . . Fast, now! Pick a number from one to ten! Six! . . right?! (That's two for two!)

SEND SYMPATHY CARDS to the family of Billy Grovel. Billy predicted that the sky would fall, and the world would come to an end last month. Well, it did . . . for him! Billy was erased by a truck as he crossed the street while looking up to see if the sky was falling yet.

* * * *

BACK TO EARTH DEPT. Dick Mather had a premonition that the ill-fated Flight 365, which later did go down, would crash. He was so sure of his vision that he pleaded and pleaded with his skeptical wife. But no matter how hard Dick begged her, he couldn't convince her to take the Flight.

* * * *

HATS OFF DEPT. Professor Daryl Emmi, the noted NYU economics expert, set a new Inter-Scholastic ESP Record last month when he put 243 students into a deep trance in less than thirty minutes. Daryl's lecture on Gresham's Law is a sure-fire winner!

* * * *

HEARTWARMING NOTES DEPT. Dave Fink, who was stolen by a roving band of Bank Examiners when he was an infant, went to a Psychic who told him where he could find his Mother. Dave followed up and met his Mom after a 45-year separation. At first, Dave wasn't sure it was really his Mother, but he was convinced when she greeted him by saying, "In 45 years, you could have called me at least once!"

* * * *

LENNY ABERNATHY CLAIMS that no one at home understands him and his preoccupation with Psychic Phenomenon, so Len wants to use this column to contact a man with similar interests...or if not that, then a woman who is lonely! . . . Now, quick, pick a month! December . . . right!? (No? Sorry, guy! Well, two out of three ain't bad!)

* * * *

REINCARNATION DEPT. Pity poor Harvey Reed, the songwriter, who was Johann Strauss in a previous life. Seems that last week, Harv composed "The Blue Danube" for the 78th time. But don't get me wrong! I love Psychic Phenomenonsense!

MIND POWER'S AWARD-WINNING
STORY OF THE ISSUE

How E.S.P. Changed My Marriage... and My Life!

by Oliver Sholem

I must admit straight off that I may not be the smartest guy in the world. I never had much of an education. But still, I was never dumb enough to fall for such Fairy Tale stuff as Psychic Phenomenon, Reincarnation, Extra-Sensory Perception or Brotherhood Week. But, just my luck, my dingbat wife did believe in junk like that. I ask you, who needs to be married to a yo-yo?

"Why not at least try to understand?" she kept bugging me in that superior way of hers, throwing my Junior High School education in my face. But every time she mentioned the subject, I would get hysterical. It was almost as funny as the time she got her coat caught in the car door, and I dragged her nearly a hundred feet down the gravel driveway. She can be some jerk, at times.

Anyway, day and night she would hound me. She started bringing home books . . . I burned them. She would turn on any TV program that had anything to do with psychic crap . . . I smashed the set. Once she even invited a couple over to discuss the stuff with us . . . I punched the girl and kneed the guy in the groin. He folded like a house of cards. ESP faggot!

"You're resisting," she'd tell me as I set her wig on fire.

Then one day, she showed me an ad in one of her crackpot magazines. It seemed that they wanted subjects for some ESP experiments, and they were willing to pay money to people who would volunteer. Well, I figured, if some goofball wants to throw away good money, why not let the jerk throw it at me? Huh? Sure! So when my wife suggested that we volunteer (after first putting on her catcher's mask), you could have knocked her over with a feather when I said, "What the Hell?!" She was so amazed, her mouth dropped open, which always annoys me since her teeth need a lot of work.

The next day, we went to the lab. They asked my wife if she believed that two people who have been married for twenty years like us could read each other's minds. She said she thought so, if we really concentrated. When they asked me the same question, I picked my nose to show my contempt.

Well, the experiment started. They put my wife into another room, and I was given a deck of special cards. They told me to concentrate on one of the cards, and not to think of anything else. So I took the one with the three stars in a row, and I concentrated and concentrated. It got a little warm in the room, so I pressed the buzzer for someone to get me a glass of water. (I knew those eggheads wouldn't even know what a glass of beer looked like!) And when the lab assistant came in, I almost fell off my chair. I mean, she was a beauty! Some great-looking chick! What a built!

When she left, who could concentrate on cards? Like, all I could think of was her, and the little tricks and treats I could play on her body. And then, suddenly I heard a scuffling in the next room, and my wife busts in, waving this chair over her head and mad as a wet hen.

"You never think of doing those things to me, you louse!", she's screaming, and smashes the chair over my noggin.

Man, I was stunned! I was dumbstruck! I mean, that ESP had really worked! She had read my mind! Right then and there, I became a convert, a believer. I had an open mind (and also an open scalp, requiring sixty stitches to close up).

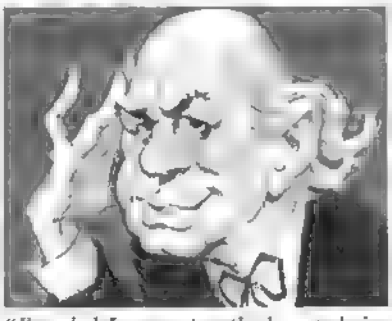
About my wife, I saw her only once more, when we were in Court and she got custody of my bowling shirts. And now, here's the really fascinating part

(Continued on page 69)

MIND POWER INTERVIEWS:
Mr. CASEY EDGARS, World Famous Psychic Healer

MP: Hello, Mr. Edgars. I'm . .
EDGARS: Say no more. I can see you're suffering from severe back trouble. You've had it for years, and you've been to the biggest doctors without any relief. Well, your worries are over, young man. I can cure you.
MP: I'm afraid you don't understand, sir. My back feels fine.
EDGARS: See? And I didn't even lay a hand on you. That'll be $600, please.
MP: Wait a minute! I'm not a patient! I'm the Editor of *Mind Power Magazine*, and I'm here to interview you.
EDGARS: Oh? Well, then, have a seat. You can sit comfortably, now that I've cured your back.
MP: May we begin? First, just how do you cure sick people.
EDGARS: That depends on exactly how sick they are.
MP: Well, let's say a person who was *very* sick came to see you. What would you do?
EDGARS: I'd pretend I was the Telephone Company Repair Man. Listen, pal . . . *very* sick people can *die* on you. That can screw up a guy's perfect record.
MP: Well, let's say it's someone who isn't really very sick . . .
EDGARS: Okay, first I look at them. But I don't see them.
MP: Oh, your eyes are giving you trouble.
EDGARS: Any more jokes, and this interview is over, sonny. I don't see them because I don't look at the person, I look at his aura. I can see where his aura is warped, or discolored, or agitated, or just plain teed off. That's where the trouble spot is. Like right now, I'm looking at your right upper wisdom tooth, and I can see it's giving you trouble.
MP: No, it isn't. It was removed ten years ago.
EDGARS: Right. And your aura misses it terribly. Well . . . go on, if it isn't too hard to talk with that painful tooth.
MP: After determining where the problem area is, what do you do next?
EDGARS: See these hands? They look like ordinary hands, don't they?
MP: Well, maybe not as clean . . . but close enough . . .
EDGARS: These hands, these fingers have miraculous properties. With these hands, I can cure the sick, heal the lame, restore the blind and count to ten.
MP: You mean you place your hands on the affected area of the patient?
EDGARS: No, dummy, I Cha-Cha with them. What do you think? Of course I place my hands on them. And then I call out, "Heal . . . heal . . . heal . . ."
MP: And then what happens?
EDGARS: Usually, my dog runs in and sits at my feet. But sometimes, the psychic energy that I control passes through my hands to the patient and he's cured.
MP: That's amazing.
EDGARS: If you think that's something, I've got a few cards tricks that'll blow your mind. Here . . . pick a card . . .
MP: Maybe later.
EDGARS: I don't know about that. Judging by your aura, you don't have all the time left in the world, you know. How's the back . . . ?
MP: Fine. Tell me, what made you decide to become a Psychic Healer?
EDGARS: It happened when I was a Freshman in Medical School. I suddenly decided that orthodox medicine was not for me.
MP: You received some sort of . . . . message?
EDGARS: Yeah, from the Dean, saying I was failing every course.
MP: Well, Mr. Edgars, I'm about out of tape. I want to thank you for your time, and I'd like to say that more people should talk to you.
EDGARS: Oh? Like who?
MP: Like the Police Department Bunko Squad.

"There is a lot more out there in our strange and mysterious world than is seen by the average person with limited sight. Like, dig that little number in the apartment across the courtyard!"



"I'm glad I gave up orthodox medicine to become a Healer, because with the laying on of hands, I get a chance to do what I could not do if I were an ordinary doctor...mainly feel women!"

PICTURES O

NEWS PHOTOS

This is Dr. Arthur Yuld, his wife, Nana and their Caribbean guide, Lance Reeves, who recently spent a week investigating the mysterious Bermuda Triangle... the area where many ships and planes have vanished without a trace. When asked if he thought there really was a Bermuda Triangle, Dr. Yuld said, "I'm positive there's a triangle! The last night, I caught my wife in bed with our guide!"

As we promised last issue, here's that photo of the man who talks to a "ghost" every day. It's Ron Ziegler, leaving Richard Nixon's study at San Clemente.

F PEOPLE ON THE PSYCHIC PSCENE

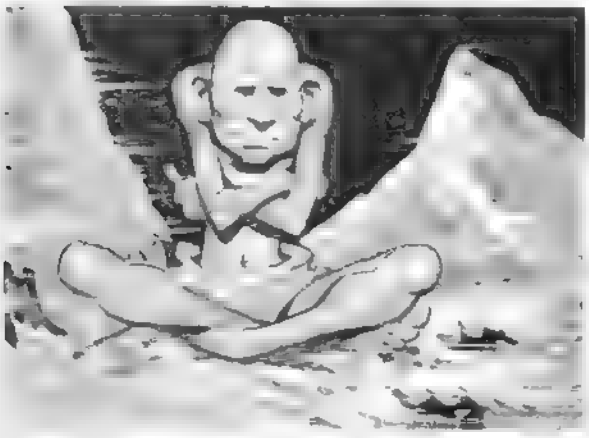
FROM AROUND THE WORLD...AND OTHER PLACES

When Mrs. Yetta Gelt, seen here watching her son, Uri, using his concentrated mind power to move a salt shaker, was asked if she was proud of him, she replied, "I'd be a lot prouder if he concentrated his mind power on moving his butt out of the house and getting himself a job making an honest living!"

Here is amazing alchemist Ferd Gould, who has made a fortune changing base metals into gold and silver. That's nothing," says Gould. "My wife is even more amazing! She changes good money into cheap jewelry!"

To make sure that psychic Andre Bologne would not be affected by any outside influences during a recent test of his amazing powers, scientists placed him in a sealed lead container. The precautions worked perfectly. Andre was not affected by any outside influences...and the scientists were not affected by any of Andre's screams for air before he finally suffocated.

These are the two Soviet Cosmonauts who sent mental messages back to Earth. Intercepted by an American Sensitive, the messages all had two specific themes One, a longing for a real toilet—and the other, a strong desire to land anyplace but the Soviet Union.



Guru Knishnosh, who sits on a bleak snowy 11,000 ft. mountain peak, is a master of contemplation. When asked just what he contemplates, The Great One said, "Most of all, I contemplate how very wonderful it would be to have a warm overcoat!"

To prove that thoughts can be captured on photographic plates, Rev. Hubert Traif had members of his Church Council concentrate on something pleasurable. He was, indeed, able to pick up their thoughts on the plates, and the resulting photographs are now on sale at "The Hanky-Panky Adult Book Store" in Lodi, New Jersey.

AN AFFAIR TO DISMEMBER DEPT.

When two people get married, there's usually a "Wedding" . . . consisting of an expensive and elaborately catered affair to celebrate the occasion. Why?!? No one knows if the couple are right for each other, or if they're going to be happy, or if the marriage is even going to last. And according to statistics, more and more marriages these days are ending in Divorce. Now, a Divorce . . . well, that's different! Everyone knows the couple weren't right for each other, and that they're both going to be happier apart. And *that's* a reason to really celebrate! Yessiree, by ignoring Divorces, we're all missing wonderful opportunities to add more expensive and elaborately catered affairs to our Social Calendars. And so, to show you what we mean, MAD herewith invites you to what could be the first of many expensive and elaborately catered . . .

UNW

INVITATIONS FROM THE PARENTS OF THE SOON-TO-BE EX-BRIDE

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lawrence Smedling
request the pleasure of your company
at the Divorce of their Daughter,
the Beautiful, Intelligent and Sweet
Susan Smedling Blakely
from that foul-mouthed, irresponsible,
sadistic, no-damn-good meglomaniac,
Roland Howard Blakely
on Sunday, the twenty-second of June
at half after eleven o'clock
Tavern-On-The-Turf
Central Park West at Sixty-Eighth Street
New York City
Reception To Follow RSVP

INVITATIONS FROM THE PARENTS OF THE SOON-TO-BE EX-GROOM

Mr. and Mrs. Noland Harvey Blakely
request the pleasure of your company
at the Divorce of their Son,
Roland Howard Blakely
from, you should pardon the expression,
Susan Smedling Blakely,
who we will not lower ourselves
to describe at this time,
on Sunday, the twenty-second of June
at half after eleven o'clock
Tavern-On-The-Turf
Central Park West at Sixty-Eighth Street
New York City
Reception To Follow RSVP

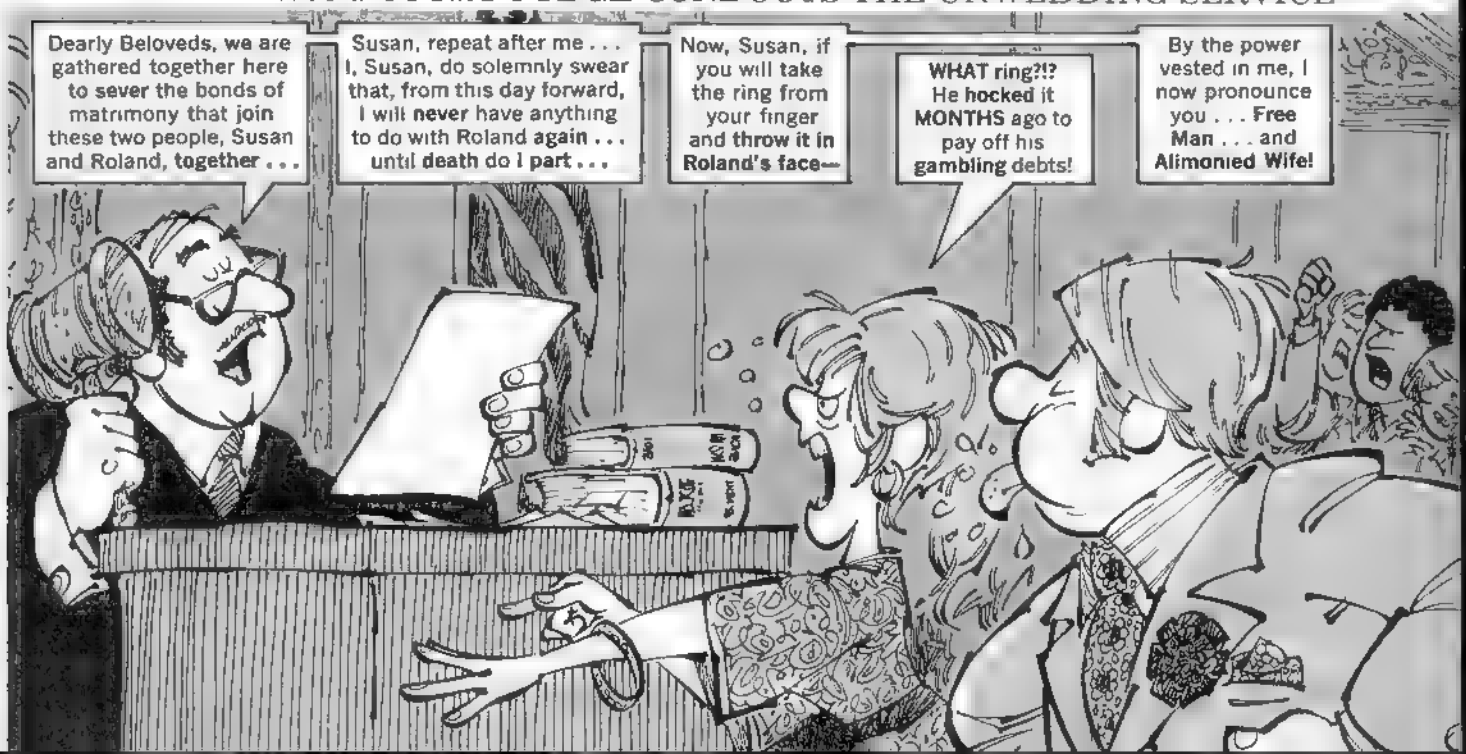
DURING THE UNWEDDING CEREMONY, THE WIFE'S FAMILY AND FRIENDS SIT ON THE RIGHT . . . THE HUSBAND'S ON THE LEFT

WEDDINGS OF THE FUTURE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: EARLE DOUD

THE COUPLE'S UNWEDDING WARDROBES ARE CAREFULLY CHOSEN

THE DIVORCE COURT JUDGE CONDUCTS THE UNWEDDING SERVICE



AFTER THE CEREMONY, THERE ARE TWO SEPARATE RECEPTION LINES

He was so **rotten** to our little girl! Once, he even took away her **charge card!** And his **drinking . . .** ! But I guess **that** was brought on by that **Gay Bar incident . . .**

We knew it all along! But naturally, we didn't want to **say** anything! We figured that maybe Susan would eventually **notice** that some of her **clothes** were missing . . . and find them in **HIS closet . . .**

The only thing I ever found in his closet were the **whips** and the **chains** and the **boots!**

. . . and Rollie caught her with a **man**—right in his **own house!** But she **denied** it was her **lover!** Which was the only **true** thing she **ever said!** Actually, it was her **dope pusher!**

We knew it all along! But naturally, we didn't want to **say** anything! We figured that maybe Roland would eventually **notice** the marks on her arms . . .

The only marks I ever noticed were from the **whips** and the **chains** and the **boots** she **forced me** to use on her!

THE DIVORCE BOUQUET IS TOSSED TO THE STILL-MARRIED WOMEN

I hope I catch it! I don't want to spend **another day** with that *&¢%$#! I'm married to!!

Susan! Throw it **THIS** way! You **know** how much I hate my **George!**

No, **ME!** Throw it to **ME!!** I hate **Walter** even more than **you** hated **Roland!!**

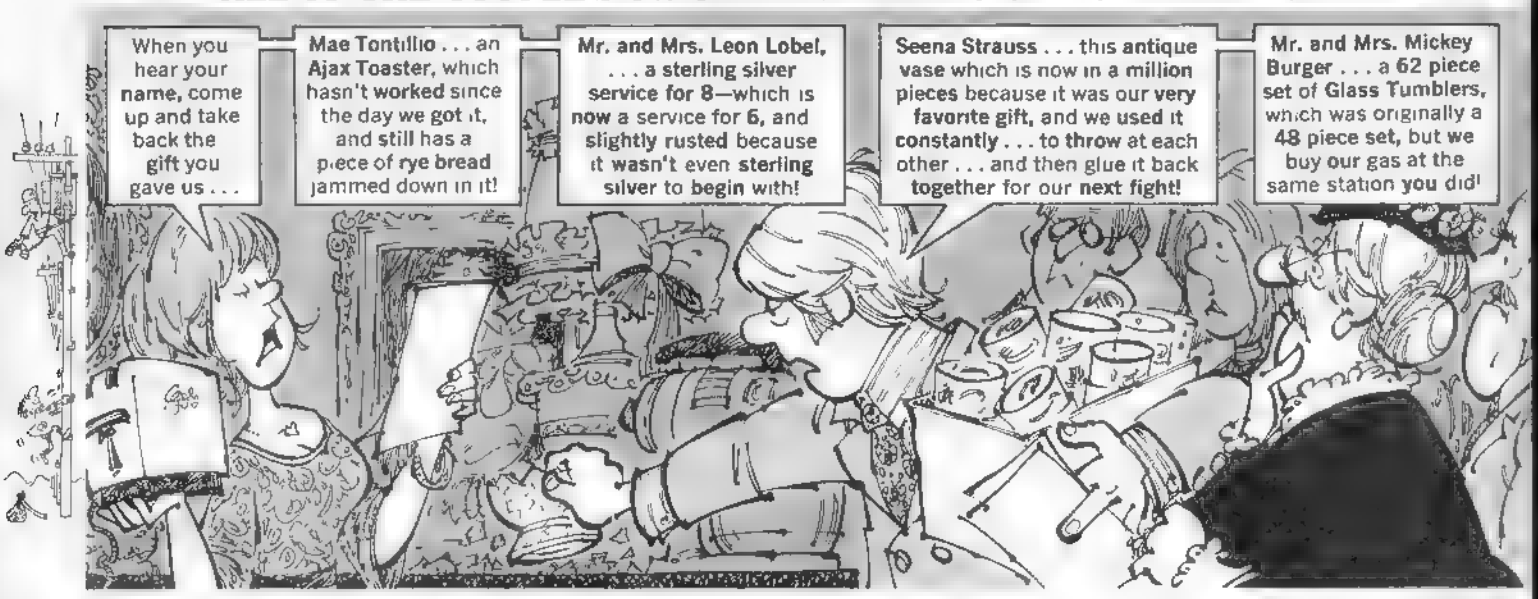
Yeah!! Throw it to **HER!!**

Hey . . . who are you? **Walter . . . ?**

No, **Walter's LAWYER!!**

THE HUSBAND SELECTS THE FOOD TO BE SERVED AT THE RECEPTION

ALL OF THE COUPLE'S ORIGINAL WEDDING GIFTS ARE RETURNED



WITH THE DIVORCE FINAL, BOTH PARTIES GO THEIR SEPARATE WAYS

CY-NACL DEPT.

TAKE IT WITH A GR

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

. . . the head of a Teachers Union says they're striking for higher wages so the kids will get a better education.

. . . a businessman says yes, he gave a politician a half million bucks, but he never expected anything in return.

. . . the President pardons the man who appointed him to the job, and then claims that there was no deal.

. . . the Coach of a basketball factory who has just lost his star player to a million dollar Pro contract says he feels the kid is making a mistake by not completing his education.

. . . the Mayor of a large city takes a brief walk accompanied by half the Police Force and dozens of reporters, and says, "The city is perfectly safe!"

. . . a lumber company's ads proclaim they are doing great things for our forests.

. . anybody assures you that "the check is in the mail."

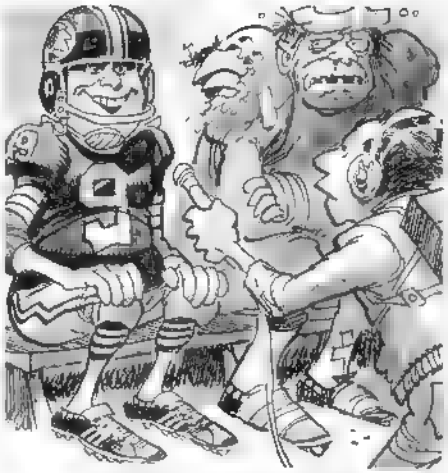
. . . a TV Network proudly announces that this will be their finest season ever.

AIN OF SALT WHEN...

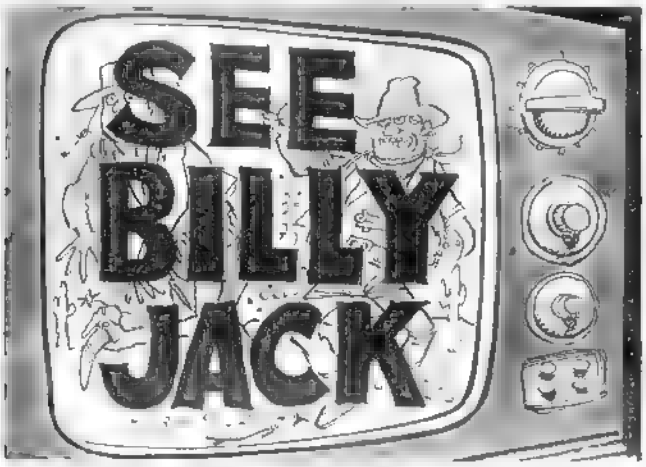
WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

. . . the owner of a team that has dropped ten straight games gives his Coach a vote of confidence.

. . . a Union Leader, whose members get $15.00 an hour, blames the Government for inflation and rising unemployment.



. . . a veteran quarterback who's pulling down $125,000 a year says he's unhappy because he hasn't seen enough action



. . . the commercials for a mediocre movie saturate your TV screen, claiming that millions of people saw and loved the film no matter what the critics said about it.

. . . a former Government Official, famous for paying attention to the smallest detail, when questioned about a huge graft payoff, says, "I can't recall!"

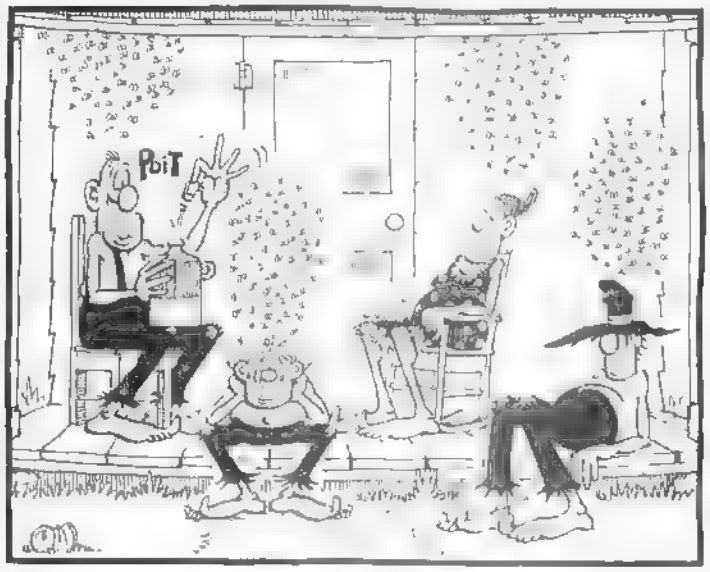
. . . a badly beaten fighter claims he got a fast count from the Referee.

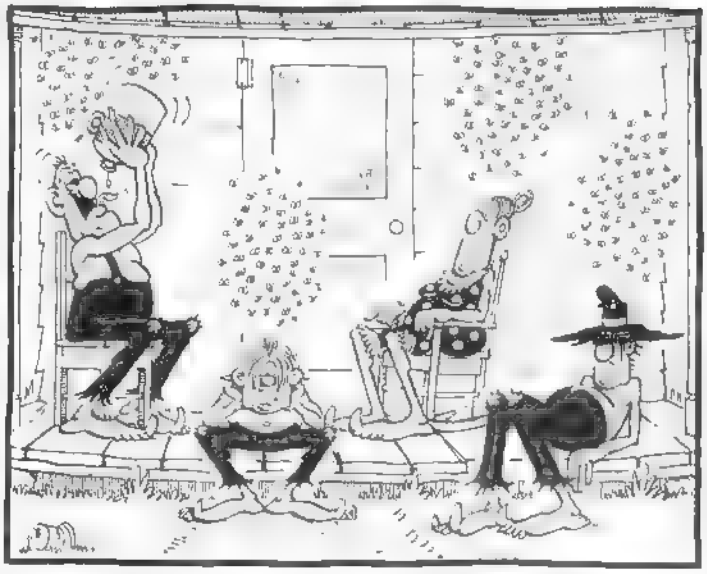
. . . the President assures us that we can beat inflation by wearing a "win" button

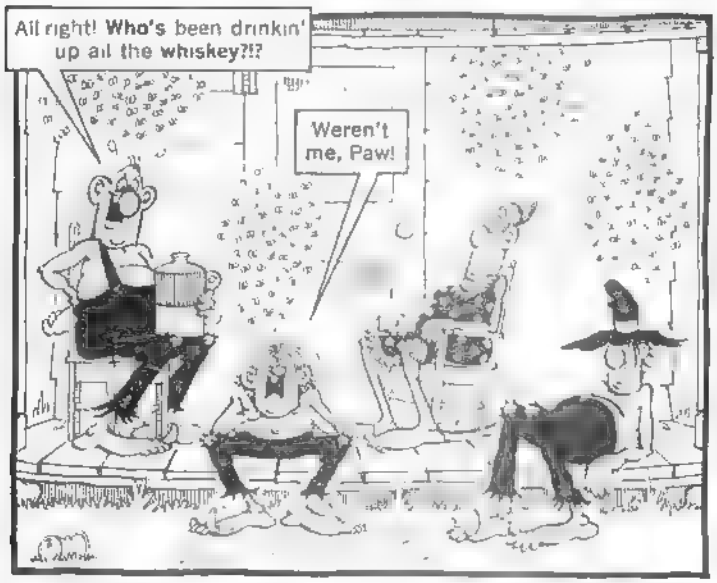
. . . a magazine charges 50¢— and then claims it's "cheap."

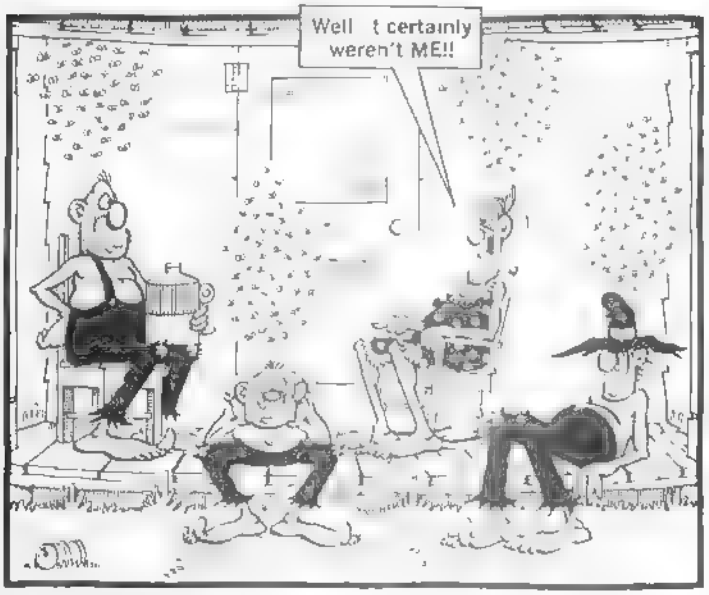
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE AFTERNOON DOWN HOME







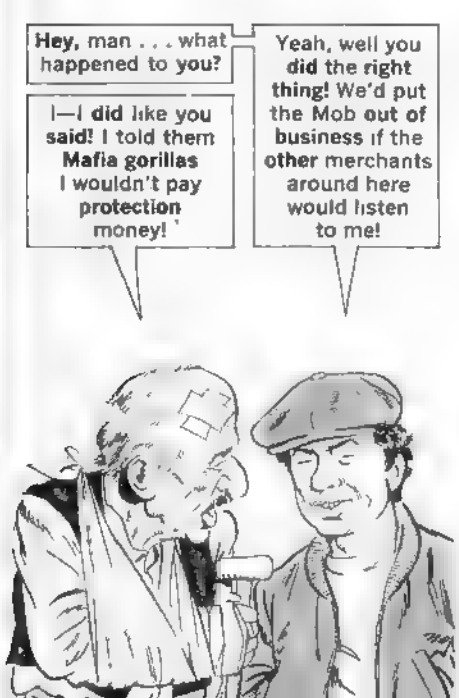


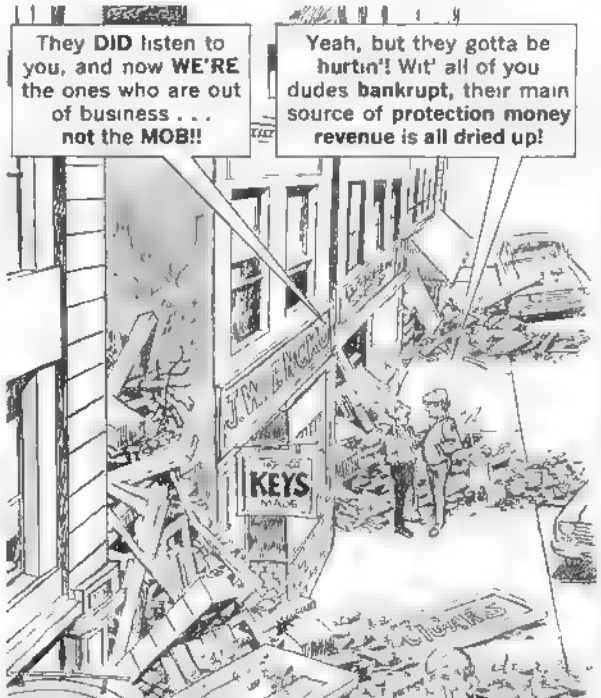
DISGUISE DA LIMIT DEPT.

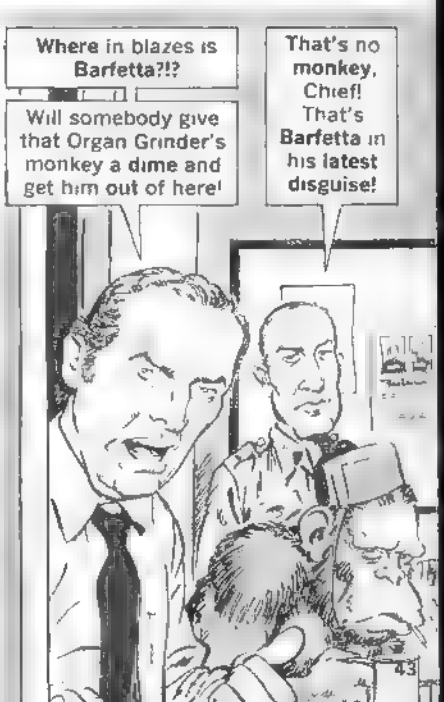
Most TV detectives have some kind of gimmick...and this latest TV detective's "thing" is wild, far-out disguises. In fact, the most unbelievable disguise he's ever used was when he passed himself off as an "actor" and accepted an Emmy for

BARFETTA

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE







Barfetta, take off that ridiculous disguise! This is Mr. Webfoot, the Principal of the Richard M. Nixon High School! He needs our help!

I'm afraid we're having some serious problems with our students! They have been stealing copies of exams . . . lying . . . cheating . . . blackmailing teachers . . . and they even rigged a school election!

Hey . . . didjya ever think about maybe it might be a good idea to change the NAME of your High School?!?

I know!! You want me to go undercover as a STUDENT!! How's dis . . . ?

Hubba-hubba! Fan-tas-tic! Solid, Jackson! Groovy, Gate—let's celebrate!

High School students don't dress or talk like that anymore!

They never DID, except on TV!

How about posing as a Janitor, Barfetta!? You could wear your everyday street clothes!

I'm afraid that's impossible! The Janitors have a strong Union! They won't let just ANYBODY push a broom! Perhaps you could go undercover as a TEACHER!

Right on, dere, my man! I never been inta teachin' before! Dat should be a far-out trip for de kids, gettin' together wit' Professor Barfetta, LLB an' EDO! Dat stands for "Latin Lover Boy" an' "Early Drop-Out"!

On second thought, Lieutenant, let's forget the whole thing! I'd rather have my students lying, cheating and stealing exams than ending up talking like him!

CRASH!

It's a rock with a note tied to it!

Maybe it's a letter from one of my fans!

You kidding?! The only one who gets fan mail on this show is that bird of yours!

It's from d' Mafia!

How can you tell?

It's written on a pizza! Listen t' dis: "Barfetta, we got your bird, so keep your nose outta our business!"

I'm gonna get my bird back even if I gotta blow the Mafia outta de water t' do it!

But Ferd ain't no PERSON! He's a BIRD!!

No way, Chief! Dat's MY BIRD dem crumbs is messin' wit'!

Barfetta, you're too emotionally involved! I'm turning this over to "Missing Persons"!

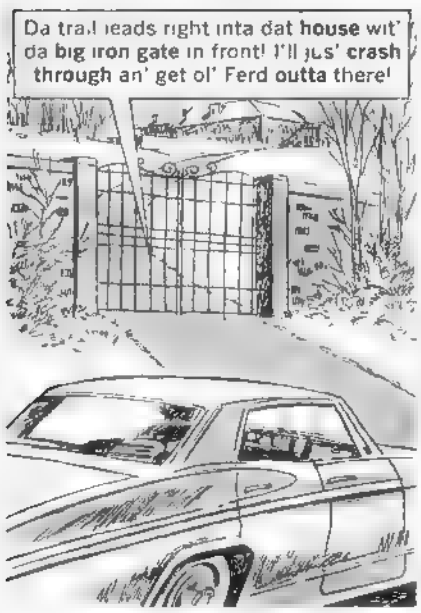
Then let the ASPCA handle it!

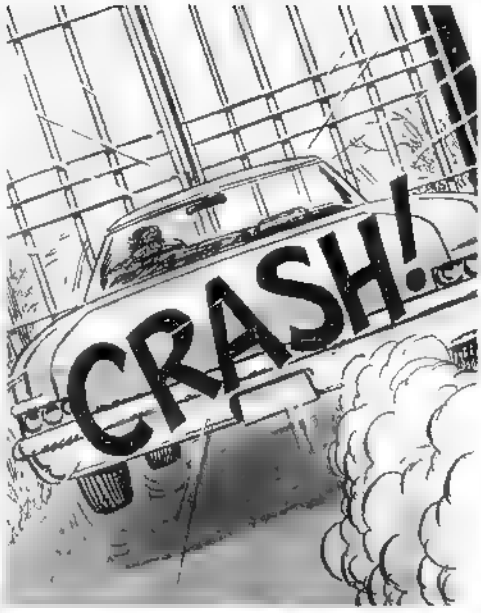
Barfetta, why is it that, every week, you argue with me about which case you get to work on?

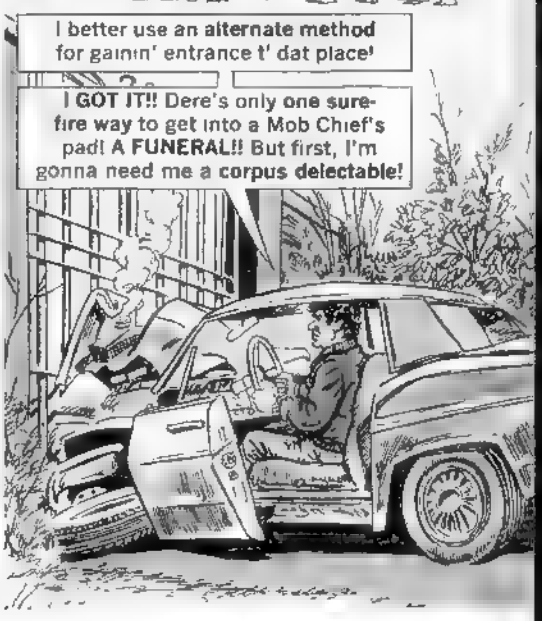
Well, Chief . . dere's a simple explanation for dat! By me bein' anti-authority, it lets de kids identify wit' me, even though I'm a PIG!!

Hey, dere, my man . . . what's da void on da street about me lately?
The word is around that you are out of your bird!
Dat's right! Some crumbs birdnapped Ferd! Like what else d'ya hear?
Actually, lately, my hearing ain't been so good . . . y'know??
Maybe dis $50 bill will help! Now lay it on me, man
Barfetta . . . you are one amazing dude!
Because of my clever disguises??
No, because of the way you keep handin' out $50 bills to all us stoolies on your lousy $185-a-week cop's salary!
But I might have somethin' for you! Check out a dude who's a steady client at Mama Mia's Massage Parlor! He's been comin' in there lately smellin' from bird seed and feathers and . . .
BLAM BLAM!
Hey . . . man! I been . . . shot!!
Don' worry your fuzzy afro! I'll get de cat what did it! Nobody messes around' wit' my sources widout payin' his dues! Ain't no way dis fink is gonna get away wit' it!
Man, what good's that gonna do me if I'm dead?!? Will you cut all that jive talk and call me an ambulance?!?
Ain't got the time, ol' buddy! I got me a date at Mama Mia's place . . .
Hi, Mama! How's my favorite Italian lady tonight? Mama, I need some help!
That's what I'm in business for! ALL my clients need—er—help! What'll it be . . . a blonde . . . or a brunette?
Dat ain't de kind of help I'm referrin' to, Mama! I gotta rap wit' one of your steady clients! Now, here's my plan . .
MAMAMIA'S MASSAGE PARLOR
Hi, Rock! I got a new chick for you!
Is she built?
Like nothing you ever saw!
Okay, le' me at her!!
Y-A-A-A-A-G-G-G-H-H !
What's wit' him? Don' he like goils?
He prefers TALL girls! But if you'd like a moonlighting job around here for good pay, I got some real freaky customers who would FLIP over you!
I'll keep it in mind! But right now, I gotta split an' follow dat dude!

Oh-oh! He's makin' a phone call! Dis calls for me t' get into my Telephone Lineman's suit, an' do me a bit of eavesdropping . . .
TELEPHONE
Hey, Mac! What are you doing up there?
I'm repairin' dis telephone line!
But that's not—
Bug off, will yuh, fella!?! I'm busy!
I TRIED to tell you, smart guy! That's no telephone line! That's a high tension electric power line!
BZZZZZAP!
Salaam, Officers!
How did you guess it was me?
The owner of the restaurant called us! He got suspicious when you ordered bacon and eggs! Barfetta, get this . . . Rabbis do not EAT bacon!!
Not even on a BUGLE?!?
That's "Shalom," Barfetta!
That's "BAGEL," dummy!
WJA
Okay, what have you got so far?
Well, I got forty bucks from de Massage Parlor . . . an' on dis gig, I got t'ree hunnert bucks in pledges for Israeli Bonds!
Idiot! I mean on the BIRDNAPPING! Listen, Barfetta! You've got exactly 24 hours . . . and then I'm pulling you off this case!!
Dat's all de time I need! I got a plan dat's gonna pull de plug on dese Mafia creeps!
I'm gonna do a stint in de pet store, an' when them dudes what snatched Ferd come in for some bird food, I'm gonna punch a hole in de bag an' follow de birdseed trail to their hideout! Howzat grab yuh?
What's your plan?
I'm sorry I asked!
I need some bird food!
Yessir! Is it for a black bird . . . or a white bird?
Man, don't tell me PET STORES discriminate, TOO! If you must know, it's for a white bird! But he squawks real cool jive talk . . . like a BLACK CAT!!
Oh-oh! I think I scored!
CRASH!

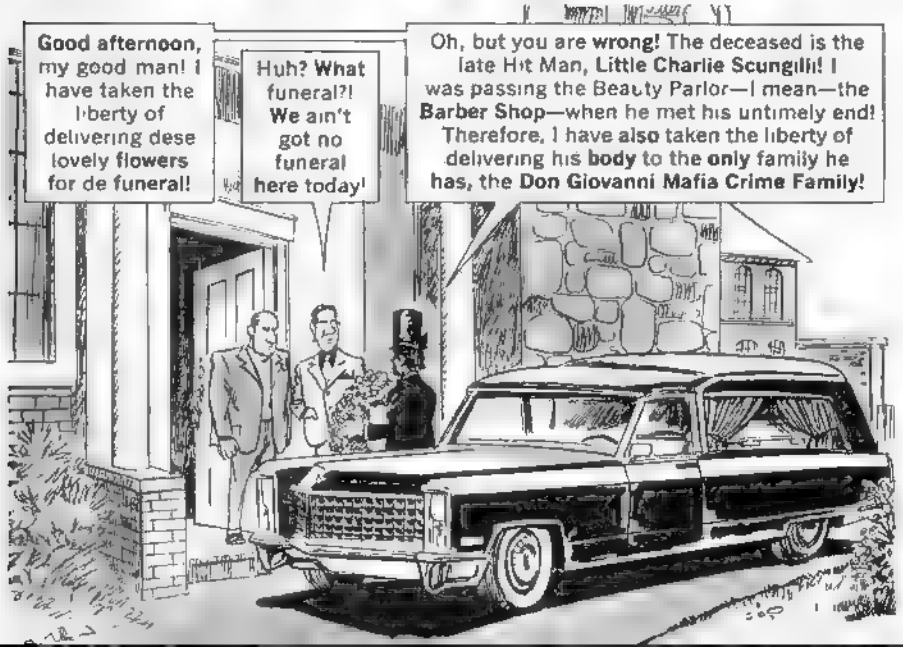

Da trail leads right inta dat house wit' da big iron gate in front! I'll jus' crash through an' get ol' Ferd outta there!

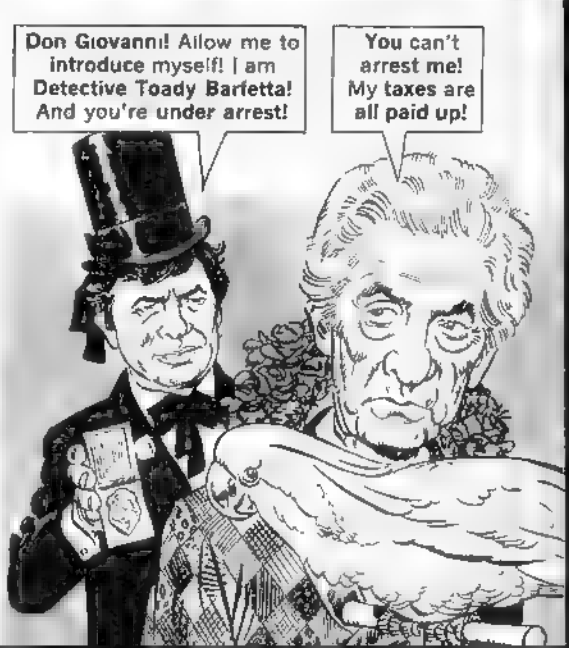

CRASH!


I better use an alternate method for gainin' entrance t' dat place!
I GOT IT!! Dere's only one sure-fire way to get into a Mob Chief's pad! A FUNERAL!! But first, I'm gonna need me a corpus delectable!

Charlie, de boss tol' me to give you dis contract, an' he says you should make the hit right away!
Don't I always?! Hey!! I can't carry out this contract! It's on ME!!
Man, you're forgettin' your "Hit Man's Oath"!
Oh . . . yeah! I remember . . . "A Hit Man is trustworthy, loyal, and OBEDIENT . . ."

BLAM
. . . and also STUPID!!


Good afternoon, my good man! I have taken the liberty of delivering dese lovely flowers for de funeral!
Huh? What funeral?! We ain't got no funeral here today!
Oh, but you are wrong! The deceased is the late Hit Man, Little Charlie Scungilli! I was passing the Beauty Parlor—I mean—the Barber Shop—when he met his untimely end! Therefore, I have also taken the liberty of delivering his body to the only family he has, the Don Giovanni Mafia Crime Family!


Don Giovanni! Allow me to introduce myself! I am Detective Toady Barletta! And you're under arrest!
You can't arrest me! My taxes are all paid up!

It ain't for taxes!
For murder?
Nope!
Dope pushing?
Nope!
Loan sharking?
NO!!

Well . . . those are the only crimes I've committed!
I'm takin' you in for Birdnapping!
Ferd, come to Daddy!!
Aw, nuts! Just when I was getting used to the good life—discovering that crime does SO pay!

Barfetta, do you realize what you DID?!?
Yeah! I rescued Ferd!
The FBI's been working on the Giovanni Mob for two years! They were ready to close in when you blew it for them! You knocked off their chief informer and star witness, Little Charlie Scungilli! And now they've got nothing!

Well . . . at least we got Giovanni for Birdnapping! He'll go to the slammer for THAT!
Wrong! We got no witnesses! Giovanni claims the bird flew in his window, and he's charging him with trespassing!
But we GOT a witness! FERD!! Right, partner?
WRONG, pardner! If you think that I'm gonna testify against the MOB . . then YOU'VE got the bird brain!

We'll give you round-the-clock protection! We'll supply you with a new identity and send you to a new city! They'll never find you!
Forget it! The Don made me an offer I couldn't refuse!
Barfetta, you're demoted to the rank of Patrolman . . . which means you're back to pounding a beat, and you're through with disguises! Now, get out of here . . . and take that idiotic bird with you!

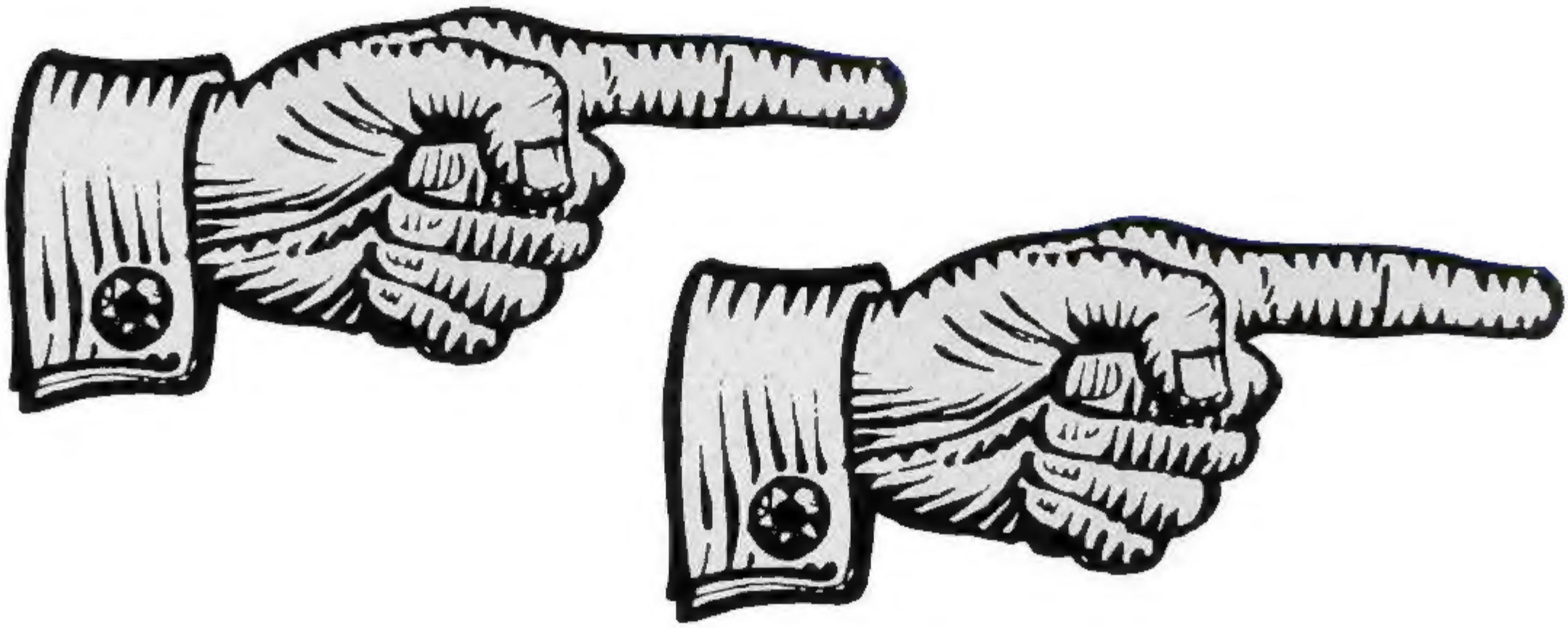
LATER

What the—?!? Barfetta, I WARNED you about those stupid disguises! Now get that ridiculous outfit off this minute!
Lt. Bluebaker!! WHAT in blazes do you think you're doing?!?
Hi, Commissioner! I'm ripping this disguise off Barfetta! Did you ever see anything so UGLY in your life?!?

THAT'S NOT BARFETTA, YOU MORON! THAT'S MY WIFE!!

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



HOW HAVE SOME PESKY CRITTERS GOTTEN OUT OF CONTROL LATELY?

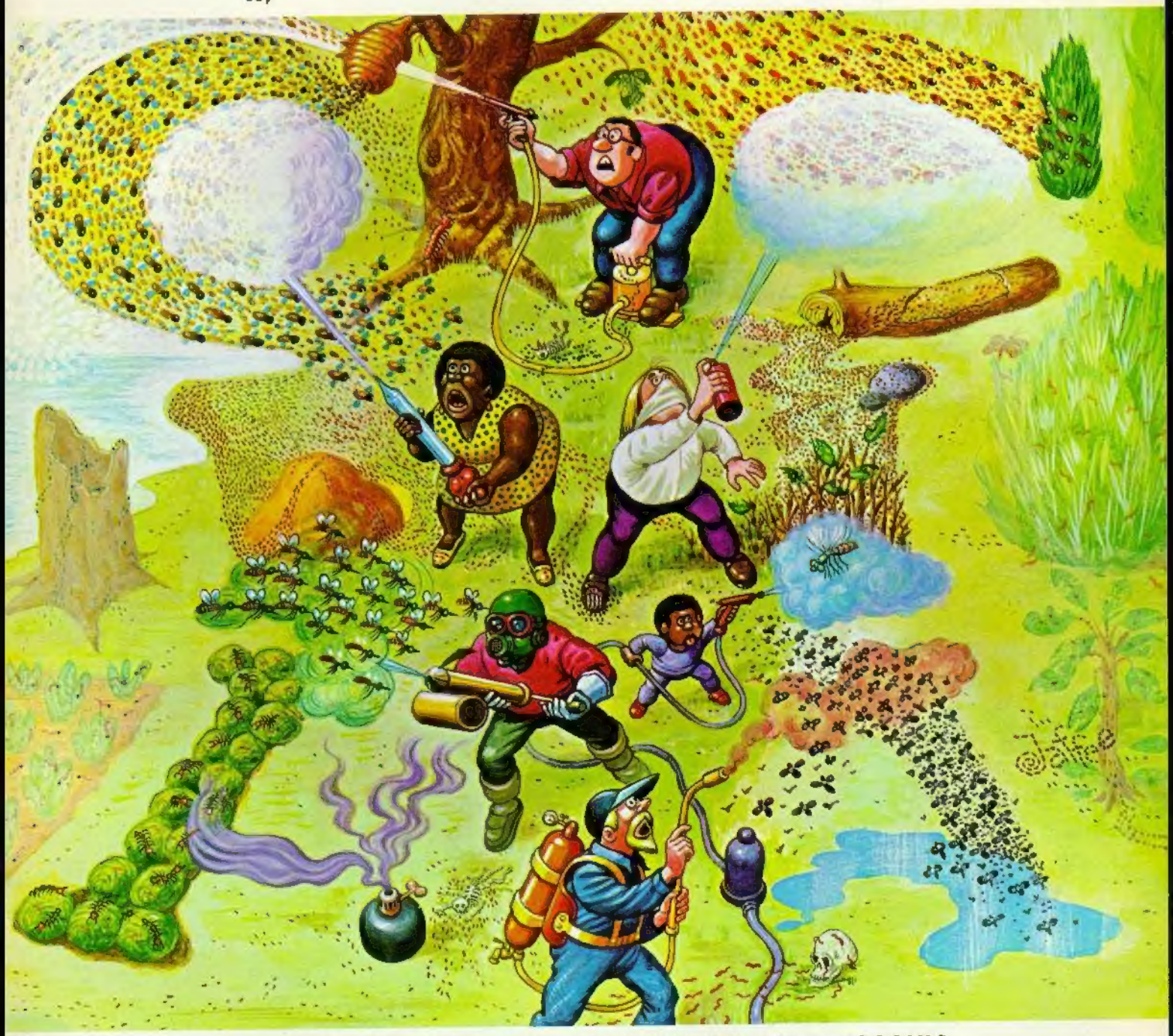
HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Americans have continually battled all kinds of pests. But one particularly ugly strain, whose activities up to now were always believed to be limited to overseas areas, have recently been discovered plaguing us right here at home. To learn the identity of these pests and find out how they've gotten out of control, fold in page.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



BY BUSILY SPRAYING, DUSTING AND CHEMICALLY FOGGING LARGE AREAS, PEOPLE IN U. S. SUBURBS AND U. S. CITIES ARE KILLING OFF PESKY PESTS BY THE DOZENS

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A▸ ◂B

HOW HAVE SOME PESKY CRITTERS GOTTEN OUT OF CONTROL LATELY?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A) (B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

BY BUGGING U. S. CITIZENS

A) (B

If it wasn't for Winsom, I wouldn't smoke.

I also wouldn't cough. And my breath wouldn't smell. And my fingers wouldn't be stained yellow. And my hair and my clothes wouldn't stink from stale smoke. And my taste buds wouldn't be deadened. And my nose wouldn't run and my eyes wouldn't tear and—

The Surgeon General Is Amazed That Cancer, Emphysema, High Blood Pressure and Heart Disease Weren't Even Mentioned In This Ad

PHOTOGRAPHY BY IRVING SCHILD